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Carrie Sutherlin.

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1904

The VIRGINIAN

STATE
NORMAL
SCHOOL

FARMVILLE
VIRGINIA

1904

EVERETT WADDEY CO., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

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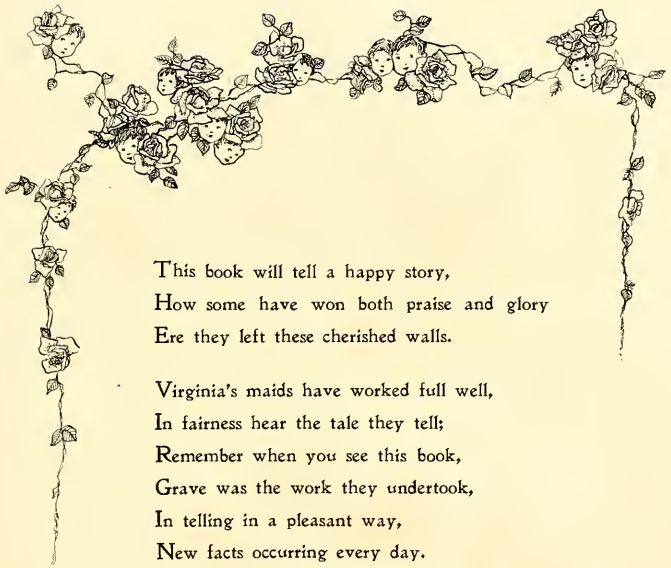

This book will tell a happy story,
How some have won both praise and glory
Ere they left these cherished walls.

Virginia's maids have worked full well,
In fairness hear the tale they tell;
Remember when you see this book,
Grave was the work they undertook,
In telling in a pleasant way,
New facts occurring every day.
In doing this they've done their best,
And to your kindness leave the rest.
Now proceed.

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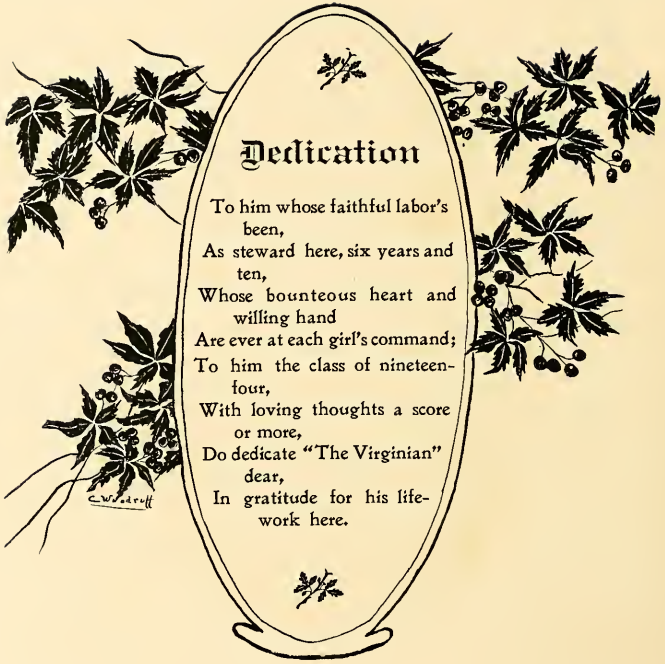
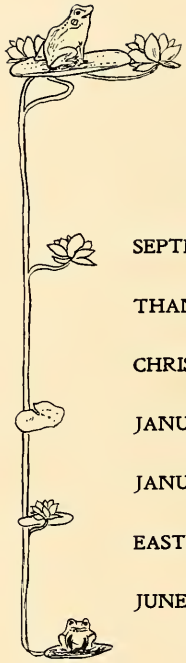


Dedication

To him whose faithful labor's
been,
As steward here, six years and
ten,
Whose bounteous heart and
willing hand
Are ever at each girl's command;
To him the class of nineteen-
four,
With loving thoughts a score
or more,
Do dedicate "The Virginian"
dear,
In gratitude for his life-
work here.

Mr. B. M. COX.



School Calendar

1903-'04

SEPTEMBER 9, -	Opening of the XX Session
THANKSGIVING, - - -	One day holiday
CHRISTMAS, - - -	One week's vacation
JANUARY 22, - - -	Winter Term ends
JANUARY 26, - - -	Spring Term begins
EASTER, - - - -	One day holiday
JUNE 9, - - - - -	Session ends

Board of Trustees

Hon. Robert Turnbull, *President*..... Lawrenceville

Hon. John Jackson, *Vice-President*..... Richmond

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Rev. James Nelson, D. D..... Richmond

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Hon. C. Harding Walker..... Heathsville

Prof. George W. Walker..... Blacksburg

C. W. Robinson, Esq..... Newport News

Judge A. D. Watkins, *Sec. and Treas*..... Farmville

Faculty

Joseph L. Jarman, B. A., *President.*

Elmer E. Jones, B. A., M. A.,
Psychology and Education, Director of Training School.

Annie L. Kinzer,
Assistant in English.

Natalie Lancaster,
Assistant in Mathematics.

Laura K. Hills,
Director of Gymnasium and Librarian.

Mary St. Clair Woodruff,
Principal of Training School and Supervisor of Grammar Grades.

Lila London,
Arithmetic.

Alleen Andrews,
Assistant in Sight Singing and Latin.

Mildred Evans,
Assistant in History.

Lulie G. Winston,
Physics and Chemistry.

1. President, Joseph L. Jarman.
2. Mr. Elmer E. Jones.
3. Miss Annie L. Kinzer.
4. Miss Natalie Lancaster.
5. Miss Laura K. Hills.
6. Miss Mary St. Clair Woodruff.
7. Miss Lila London.
8. Miss Aileen Andrews.
9. Miss Mildred Evans.

Faculty

FANNIE W. DUNN,
Supervisor of Intermediate Grades.

ESTELLE SMITHEY,
French and German.

LULA O. ANDREWS,
English Language and Sight Singing.

VIRGINIA REYNOLDS,
Geography and Biology.

HELEN BLACKISTON,
Assistant in Geography.

OTIS B. SEARS, B. A., Ph. D.,
History and Literature.

J. CHESTER MATTOON,
Manual Training.

MINNIE V. RICE,
Latin.

S. GAY PATTESON,
Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry.

MARTHA W. COULLING,
Drawing.

MARGARET W. HALIBURTON,
Supervisor of Primary Grades.

ELIZABETH J. FREEBORN,
Director of Kindergarten.

MARY V. BLANDY,
Substitute in Kindergarten for three months.

11. Miss Fannie W. Dunn.
12. Miss Estelle Smithey.
13. Miss Lula Ocillee Andrews.
14. Miss Virginia Reynolds.
15. Miss Helen Blackiston.
16. Dr. Otis B. Sears.
17. Mr. J. Chester Mattoon.
18. Miss Minnie V. Rice.
19. Miss S. Gay Patteson.
20. Miss Martha W. Coulling.

Domestic Department

Mr. B. M. Cox,
Business Manager.

Mrs. Portia L. Morrison,
Head of the Home.

Miss Mary White Cox
and
Mrs. Pattie F. Thackston,
Assistants.

Mrs. Bessie C. Jamison,
Housekeeper.

Mrs. Sallie E. Newby,
Superintendent of Laundry.

Dr. Peter Winston,
Resident Physician.

Miss Susie E. Allen,
Superintendent of Infirmary.

1. Miss Susie Allen.
2. Mrs. Sallie Newby.
3. Miss Mary White Cox.
4. Dr. Peter Winston.
5. Mr. B. M. Cox.
6. Mrs. Portia L. Morrison.
7. Mrs. Pattie L. Thackston.
8. Mrs. Bessie Jamison.

The Alumnae Association

THE OBJECT of the Alumnæ Association of the State Normal School is: First, to promote social intercourse between its members; and, second, to aid in furthering the interest of the school.

The meetings of this Association are held each alternate year, the two prominent features being social pleasures and business.

The Association is at present specially interested in the Cunningham Memorial Scholarship Fund, which was begun in June, 1899. It was decided then to found a memorial scholarship to Dr. John A. Cunningham, former President of our school. This was done because the Association felt that such a movement would be more in harmony with Dr. Cunningham's views than the erection of a monument to his memory could be. This scholarship will be at the State Female Normal School, and will probably be awarded by competitive examinations.

The money is to be raised by the Alumnæ and others interested, these contributions to be paid in advance, or in yearly installments. The Alumnæ members present at the 1899 meeting desired to raise the necessary amount—twenty-five hundred dollars—in five years.

Dr. Cunningham was widely known and loved throughout the State, hence we are very eager that the Alumnæ may receive contributions from others not connected with the school.

All correspondence and contributions should be sent to

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP COMMITTEE,

STATE FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL, FARMVILLE, VA.

Roanoke County Chapter of the Alumnae Association of the State Normal School

---

Pauline Camper, *President.*
Ellen Armstrong, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

MEMBERS.

Kate Ferguson Morehead, June, 1888
Nellie Oakey, February, 1898
Pauline Camper, June, 1899
Mildred Renick, June, 1901
Jeannette White, June, 1901
Beulah Finke, June, 1901
Mattie Henderson, June, 1901
Claudine Kizer, June, 1902
Nellie White, June, 1903
Lucile Moomaw, February, 1904

HONORARY MEMBER:

Supt. R. C. Stearnes.

The object of this chapter is to foster interest in the Normal School, and to aid in raising the Cunningham Memorial Fund.

Class of January, 1904

MOTTO: Ad astra per aspera.

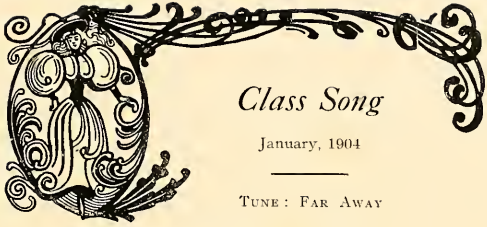
FLOWER: White rose. COLORS: Green and white.

Class Roll

ETHEL TOPPING.....*President*
CARRIE MCGEORGE.....*Vice-President*
MILDRED EVANS.....*Secretary*
MARIE ETHERIDGE.....*Treasurer*
MILDRED EVANS.....*Salutatorian*
MARY GRAY.....*Historian*
ETHEL TOPPING.....*Prophet*
CHARLOTTE MERRELL.....*Poet*
CARRIE SUTHERLIN.....*Valedictorian*

BERTIE EATON
BERTHA HARRIS
MARTHA HOLMAN
ELIZABETH KING
BESSIE MCGEORGE
ANNIE MCLAUGHLIN
CLAUDIA PERKINS
ANNIE MASON
LOUISE GODWIN
MIRIAM HEARRING
EVA HETERICK
LUCILE MOOMAW
CARRIE MCGEORGE
ILIA MILLER
COURTNEY TAYLOR
BEULAH TILLER

HONORARY MEMBER: MISS RICE



Class Song

January, 1904

TUNE : FAR AWAY

Here to-night in happy union
Loving classmates proudly stand;
Still within our dear old school walls,
Fondly clasping hand in hand.
Here 'mid scenes of joy and triumph
Only memory long may stay;
We, alas! must part and wander
Far away, far away.

We from many counties gathered—
From the north, east, south and west—
All within the Old Dominion—
In the State we all love best.
We to many States may scatter—
Over land and ocean stray;
We may go to unknown regions
Far away, far away.

Swift have fled the happy hours
Since we joined our labors here,
And we grieve fond ties to sunder—
Loving friends and teachers dear.
But we still shall hope to meet you
On some future happy day,
Though for years with strangers roaming,
Far away, far away.

Farewell, classmates, in this strange world
We may never meet again;
Each must go to bear her burden—
Bear it bravely to the end;
But through faith we'll win the battle,
Looking to that glorious day
When we'll meet, no more to wander
Far away, far away.

Class History of January, 1904

IN THE record of every nation, events that mean little, items of little or no interest, results that are insignificant as viewed by outsiders, stand out prominently, veritable landmarks of history to the people of that nation.

It is much the same with every graduating class, and to me has been assigned the duty and privilege of making a brief review of the history of this, the January class of 1904, and of recalling such events, items and results as have indeed made history for us.

As a class, we number two and twenty (if we may be allowed to count our twins as "two" instead of "one"), and we bear the proud distinction of being the largest number that the Normal School has yet sent out as a January class.

We come from widely separated portions of the good old State which, wide as she is, and heavily burdened as she long has been, is yet none too wide nor too heavily burdened to send her daughters to this, her fountain head of intellectual life, in even greater numbers would she but build to receive them.

Though but twenty-two in number, we represent fifteen different counties of Virginia. We did not all enter at the same time. There are only two of us who entered in 1899, five who joined in 1900, six who came in 1901, and nine whom we never knew until 1902. Yet to-night we stand almost as one in affection, in aims, and in aspirations.

Each girl's school experience has been a part of that of the class. We have known each other's aims, shared each other's pleasures, and sorrowed over each other's failures. Each one's personality has so stamped itself upon our memories that in after years they will all come back to us. For us, Carrie Sutherlin will ever live as she has moved among us, duty-loving and dignified as a student, yet fun-loving and resourceful as our partner in the hour of pleasure, equal to imitating the solemnity of the Puritan minister in a colonial play, or the crudeness of the bridegroom at a "tacky party." Ethel Topping is always ready with wit for any waggery demanded, with power to portray any character of the drama—able even to support as John Alden so inimitable a "Priscilla" as that made by our lovely and charming Mildred Evans. Annie Mason is so faithful in her work as a teacher, so practical in her suggestions, that she has won acknowledgment from her supervisors of her really fine business qualities. Beulah Tillar is so in love with the "sound" method of teaching she has acquired as to have thought for little else. Of Bertha Harris it has been said by a member of the faculty that she has a very bright future, and is going to make a great success as a teacher.

Elizabeth King, found in "The Little Kingdom," as Aunt Mandy calls the kindergarten, the right place for a spirit so pure and sympathetic as we know hers to be. Marie Etheridge, with her softly sweeping skirts, placid and sweet as a summer's breeze, won her way through nature study to the love of the children she taught, and carried them with her very "near to nature's heart."

We shall never lose the picture of Miriam Hearring, with her bright face ever lifted upward, her eyes smiling, her voice ringing clear and true as she sings herself and her children into the bliss of music, and cheers her class-mates with the joyousness of a nature that seems never to have known a cloud.

See Eva Heterick, faithful as a teacher, as a student never seeking to rule, but ever eager to serve—to do some kindly deed.

Lucile Moomaw and Annie McLaughlin go their quiet ways, winning our respect by their determination to succeed. Claudia Perkins is strong already in knowledge of her own powers as a woman, and yet happy and merry as a child with a fountain of joy in her heart.

Courtney Taylor has always been so modest that even the verdict of the faculty cannot persuade her of her merits. Martha Holman is so enamored of bravery and courage as to become in her acting of the soldier wonderfully realistic. Louise Godwin has been so attentive to her duties as to give us little chance to know her as we wish. Charlotte Merrill is already wielding the power of a gifted pen. Ilia Miller and Bertie Eaton have been so devoted to each other as to be slow in finding how beloved they are by the rest of the class. Carrie and Bessie McGeorge, who are so much alike physically as to make it impossible for the servants to tell "which" from "tother"—are also so alike in spirit as to call forth our wonder that two souls could be created so exactly alike in goodness and truth.

Each girl's character has helped to make the character of the class. Twenty-two proud heads are lifted higher to be crowned with priceless praise by her who has had the task of directing the home life of the school. This she bestowed upon us as a class when she said we had betrayed no trust, brought no reproach upon the institution she would have us honor, or the example she has ever tried to set before us.

Twenty-two proud hearts swelled with happiness over the verdict that was contained in our President's few words so full of meaning, "These girls are all workers."

Shall one of us ever forget the hour we all sat in trembling silence waiting for the closed doors of the President's office to open—waiting for the members of the faculty to pass from that "long faculty meeting," during which our fates were to be decided, and at the close of which we should know how many of us had been "pitched?" Shall one of us ever forget the face of our President as he at last came to us, so grave and seemingly so troubled, and began speaking slowly: "I regret very deeply"—oh, heavens! Can it be we are nearly all "pitched?" "That must be what he is going to say," gasped our frightened hearts; and none can forget how swift and bright was the change from seeming gravity to laughter, as he added: "Yes, deeply regret to lose you all in January."

It is small wonder that we almost went off into hysterics, for this was our President's way of announcing that we had the distinction of passing as an entire class to this, our graduation

MARY GRAY.

Prophecy for Class of January, 1904

WHILE pondering upon what the future might bring to the different members of the January class of 1904, I dropped into sleep and fell adreaming.

Years seemed to have passed. I was no longer a school girl, but had become a full-fledged pedagogue, still on the sunny side of forty. I found myself alighting at the station at Farmville, my mission being to deliver at the State Normal School my now famous address on "The Necessity of a Standing Posture During the Recitation."

As I looked around, a stately looking gentleman, with elastic step, approached me. "Allow me," he said; "is this Miss Topping?" To which I replied, "I consider this none of your business, sir." "Beg pardon, but I was sent to meet you by my wife, whom you probably remember as Mildred Evans." Then it dawned upon me that this was Mr. ———, now secretary of our old school. Fearing that my pedagogical sternness might have seemed somewhat rude, I answered, "Yes, indeed, I remember her, the brown-eyed, gentle-browed girl who was salutatorian of our class."

At the familiar old front door of the Normal School I was met by Mildred, and with her, wonder of wonders! was Louise Godwin, now the matron of her own Alma Mater. I was shown into the parlor, which had become several times the size of the one I knew, in order to accommodate the increasing number of girls who have company on Friday evening.

"Well, Mildred," I said, "doesn't this seem like old times for three of our class to be together within these familiar walls? It brings back memories of the others. Can you tell me anything about them? There are so many of whom I never hear."

"Lucile Moomaw is assistant matron. Her amiable disposition and soothing pats on the back have won for her a tender spot in the girls' hearts."

"Do you remember Marie Etheridge? For nearly three years she occupied the chair of English in the National University at Washington, but was finally asked to resign because she persisted in spelling the participle 'been' 'B-e-n,' and with a capital letter. In less than six months after her resignation, the president of that college, while reading an invitation to her marriage, learned the cause of such a mistake."

"Then there is Charlotte Merrell," broke in Louise, "the girl who used to read everything, and remembered all she ever read. She is now perched on the history pedestal of Vassar."

"I had a letter from Mary Gray last week. She is happy in her chosen work at the head of a query department in Washington." "Ah, yes!" said I, "I remember she always could ask more questions than anybody else, and many of them were such as would have puzzled Socrates himself."

"I know you will wonder at the change that has come over Annie Mason. You remember how she disliked the gymnasium, and whenever possible found an excuse to be absent. Well, some years ago she broke down under the strain of superintending the primary schools of Boston. The doctors gave her no hope, but some physical-culture director undertook her case, and after he cured her, she was so enthusiastic over the work that she took her whole course. Now she is coach of the ball teams at Bryn Mawr."

"Do you know what has become of Bertha Harris?" "Yes, to be sure! Her placidity of manner and soothing voice have won for her the position of principal attendant in one of the most famous rest cures for nervous invalids in New York."

Just then the servant presented a card. Looking at it, Mildred exclaimed: "Who! what! Carrie Sutherlin, Traveling Secretary of the State Missionary Union?" At this moment a tall, slender woman, with light hair and blue eyes, was ushered into the room. "Well, Carrie," I cried, "I knew you were destined to fill some such noble position. We

were just talking about our classmates." "Classmates," she said, "why I saw Elizabeth King last week in Washington. She is director of the largest kindergarten there. You know she always had such a sweet, gentle manner, and every child in the training school loved her. Elizabeth said she went to see 'Janice Meredith' played sometime ago." Whom do you suppose she saw playing the part of 'Janice?' Dear old Claudia Perkins!" "Well, of course!" we all exclaimed, and Mildred added, "I always knew the stage was her ambition." "Elizabeth says," continued Carrie, "that she would have known Claudis anywhere by that same modest voice and dignified toss of the head."

"I suppose you have heard that Miriam Hearring is in Germany taking a special course in kindergarten music?" Louise said. "You remember she was just full of music." "Yes, and I wonder if she is always in as great a hurry as she used to be, and always as happy?" "That makes two musical geniuses in our class," Carrie answered. "The other is Courtenay Taylor, the girl who knew she was going to be pitched even for a week after she received her diploma. She is now director of the Wellesley Glee Club."

"Well, what surprise do you think I had in Lynchburg to-day?" asked my classmate who was gracing the secretaryship. "While I was waiting to take the train for Farmville my attention was attracted to a couple setting near me in the station. I noticed that the woman eyed me closely. Finally she came up to me and said, 'I am afraid you do not remember me. I am Mrs. Carnegie, formerly Annie McLaughlin.' I was too amazed to speak. Think of Annie as the wife of a multi-millionaire! Surprising things will happen! Annie sat down beside me, and very naturally our conversation wandered back to our happy school life in Farmville. 'I have a startling piece of news for you,' said Annie. 'A few days ago, while glancing through a matrimonial journal, I read the following notice: Wanted—A middle aged lady suitable for a wife; she must have curly hair, rosy cheeks and brown eyes. The writer is tall, weighing three hundred pounds. He has dark complexion, is a little bald, and has one gray eye—the other was lost by accident. Who would have guessed that among the answers to this matrimonial query were two former classmates of ours—no less than Bertie Eton and Ilia Miller, our timid girls from Bristol.'"

"That reminds me," said Mildred, "that one of our girls has been disappointed in love—Martha Holman. I can never believe the man didn't love her, for such a happy nature as hers would win a heart of stone. She was promised the President's chair in the new normal school the Legislature of Virginia is trying to establish, if she would do all in her power to secure a hundred thousand dollars endowment, but she gave a pointed 'No!' and said, "I shall ever be loyal to my own beloved school. Long live the present S. N. S., and may the new one continue in its present state.'"

"Have you heard the latest honor that has come to the January class of so long ago?" asked Louise. "Little blue-eyed Evangeline St. Clair Heterick has just been elected President of the Nature Study League of Virginia. You remember how well she taught this subject in the Training School. I thought then the future had something great in keeping for her."

"I saw Beulah Tillar about two weeks ago," Carrie added. "She is editor of jokes, and grinds for the Richmond Times-Dispatch, and fills the position well. You remember she was always making some witty remark."

"What has become of the twins?" I asked. "Oh, Bessie and Carrie McGeorge?" answered Mildred. "Well, that's a joke. They had positions in Woman's College, Richmond, but the girls could not distinguish one from the other, so they said some change must be made, even if it were only in the noses. Well, it was impossible to decrease the length, and it would have been cruel to have made their noses any longer, so their resignations were asked for. Their last resort was to marry one off. As usual, the bad luck came to Carrie. The funniest part about it is that her husband hasn't found out yet which one he has. Bessie is now principal in some school with Miss Dunn as assistant.

Just here a rat crossing the room on his nocturnal parade awoke me. I realized that my prophecy was all a dream, and that for the January Class of 1904 the future is still unread.

ETHEL TOPPING.

Miss Topping's Future

BY ANOTHER PROPHET

In days to come, with school days o'er,
And Ethel gone away;
She'll journey to her home once more
A short while there to stay.

From there she'll go quite soon, forsooth,
To a certain kind of school,
With but one pupil there, in truth,
O'er whom she long may rule.

To Middlesex she will return—
Or so she tells us now;
But still, from all that I can learn,
'Tis the opposite sex, I vow.

She'll teach insurance as her choice
Of all the trades of life.
No doubt her agent will rejoice
To win so sweet a wife.

So let us bid her all success
In this, her blest vocation—
In which, 'tis said, I must confess,
There's joy without cessation.

The policy will be in force
As long as life shall last;
Nor will it ever lapse, of course,
'Till life's milestone is past.

And premiums are not hard to pay
To agents such as her's,
Particularly when paid the way
The agent much prefers.

Graduating Class of June, 1904

Motto: "Non sibi, sed aliis."

Colors: Crimson and White.

Flower: American Beauty.

Officers

Cora Kay,
President

Ollie Beard,
Vice-President

Lucie Chrisman,
Secretary

Inez Clary
Treasurer

Honorary Member: Elmer E. Jones.

Ollie Beard.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."

Mary Baldwin.

"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth."

Lillian Blair.

"Gently to bear, kindly to judge."

NANNIE BURGE.

"No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lonely spot
That doth not in her sunshine share."

ELLA BURGER.

"In thy heart the dew of youth."

AUDREY BRITTINGHAM.

"Calm as a summer sky of blue."

INEZ CLARY.

"Gentle in mien, vords and temper."

BESSIE CARTER.

"Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it."

ELIZABETH COBBS.

"Always busy, always merry."

Lucie Chrisman.

"Never the little seed stops in its growing."

Janie Crute.

"And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming."

Mary Lou Campbell.

"I will be free as the rushing air
And sing of sunshine everywhere."

JESSIE DEY.

"Simple, loyal nature, pure as snow."

JESSIE FINKE.

"The steady candor of her gentle eyes
Strikes dead deceit."

GERTRUDE GRIFFIN.

"Lofty thoughts and lovely deeds."

BLANCHE GILBERT.

"She hath the essential attributes of a lady—high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits."

SARAH GOODE.

"Her girlish face
Alight with love and tender grace."

ELLA HAHN.

"Brave and gentle, strong and true."

MARY HERBERT.

"A beautiful soul makes a beautiful face."

AMELIA HARRISON.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low—an excellent thing in
woman."

JEMIMA HURT.

"Her face betokens all things dear and
good."

MARY CLAY HINER.

"As pure as a pearl,
And as perfect; a noble and innocent girl."

FANNIE HODNETT.

"With a heart of gold."

BLANCHE JOHNSTON.

"So ready to be pleasant and so kind."

CORA KAY.

"A mind rejoicing in the light."

SADIE LEARY.

"As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed,
Eternal as the sky:
And like the brooks' low sound, her voice—
A sound which could not die."

BYRD KING.

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

MARY MCCHESNEY.

"An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance,—
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance."

CARRIE MARTIN.

"A spirit pure as hers
Is always pure, even when it errs,
As sunshine broken in the rill
Though turned astray is sunshine still."

BETTIE MURFEE.

"The brightness of her cheeks would
shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp, her eye in
heaven
Would through the airy region stream
so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were
not night."

MELLIE MOREHEAD.

"To those who know thee not, no words
can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words
are faint!"

HALLIE MILLER.

"She hath a natural wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness."

ETHEL REYNOLDS.

"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."

CLAUDIA PERKINS.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye—
In every gesture dignity and love."

MARY POWERS.

"A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew."

ELLEN PAINTER.

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast."

ALDA REYNOLDS.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

MARY RODES.

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very looks."

SCOTIA STARKE.

"Her eyes are brown,
Her hair as soft as any down."

LUCY STEARNES.

"With smiles for the joyful,
With tears for the weeper."

LILLIAN SAUNDERS.

"I've made it a practice to put all my troubles in the bottom of my heart and set on the lid and smile."

LOTTIE SNEAD.

"Steadfast and tender in the hour of need."

CARRIE SUTHERLIN.

"Her soul is pure and sweet and white."

ETTA SAMPSON.

"By her innocence she awes
Evil from her."

PEACHY SANDERLIN.

"A sweet modest little soul, blooming tenderly in a shady place."

MINNIE THOMASON.

"Gentle in thought, benevolent in deed."

NELLIE SMITHEY.

"Her looks had something excellent that wants a name."

LOUISE VAUGHAN.

"There was something very real and individual about her."

JESSIE WHITMORE.

"Her air, her smile, her motions told
Of womanly completeness."

FRANCES WOLFE.

"And cloudy the day or stormy the night,
The sky of her heart was always bright."

Class History of June, 1904

ALL who are interested in the class of June, 1904, know its history, but none save the keen-eyed observer knows that side which is so peculiarly attractive. The noblest avenue of approach to history is through the lives of its makers. Numerous have been the events of our class, but girls have made them.

Of the fifty-one who now make our class, only ten can look back together to a dark, rainy week in September, 1901, when we discontentedly took our humble seats as First A's, after stating confidently on our matriculation blanks that we hoped to enter Junior A.

The rest of our members have come in two steady streams, twenty-four arriving at different times since the first year, and seventeen entering last September as Senior A's.

Being organized for the year's work by the third week in September, our "struggle for existence" began. Morning, noon and night found us toiling over some question which seemed to our minds unfathomable. Often we wondered why some lessons were given us, and we spent hours trying to prove their utter uselessness. The sun and moon have lighted the world for centuries; the stars have twinkled for ages past, and our world, with the other planets, has turned in its regular course just as successfully before as it has since the circle of illumination and the date line were invented. Why did we have to know what time it was in China, and what the people were doing in the land of the midnight sun three hours, two minutes, six and a half seconds before the alarm clock woke us to study for a geography test, in which one of our girls, with her great profusion of knowledge, stated that "sarcolemma"—the covering of muscular fiber—"is a city on the western coast of Mexico?"

In the history class we were a school of deep philosophers. Not only did we learn the effect that the course of the Mississippi and the positions of the two mountain systems have had on our nation, but looking into the might-have-beens, we pictured our dear old America with the French, instead of the English, victorious on the Plains of Abraham; we saw the Mississippi flowing eastward and westward; we saw America without a George Washington. Coming back to the world of realities, we looked upon the mighty workings of events, and learned that history is made by many acts, but that it may be forever changed by a single one.

It was not until we became Senior B's that any of us were able to fathom our responsibility or measure our importance. The old trials of Senior A were soon forgotten in this world of new ones. Our first classmeeting was called, and Cora Kay elected president almost unanimously. We chose her not only because we loved her, but also because we respected her geographical knowledge. She became the envied mistress of Tarr and McMurray, and was often known to keep the floor for recitation fully two-thirds of the forty-five minute period.

As soon as our Training School work began, Janie Crute distinguished herself as a teacher of music. Her greatest hit was made in the second grade, where she charmed her audiences with the "Lamentations over the Death of Poor Cock Robin." 'Tis true that she met with a few difficulties in finding the right pitch at first, but she soon remedied this by asking for a "pitchfork" to get the songs higher.

Bettie Murfee has won fame as the girl who never allows an opportunity to pass without grasping it. It was she who so slyly took advantage of Leap Year, and asked our most dignified professor to change her name.

Mary Powers has a musical soul, and can soothe the souls of others by the mysterious movements of her fingers.

Ella Hahn is the girl who succeeded so triumphantly in that vertical writing, which to most of us was weekly torture.

Mary Clay Hiner and Blanche Gilbert present by their lives an example of friendship hardly surpassed in its truest meaning by that of Damon and Pythias, or Ruth and Naomi. No longer need historians refer to the lovely Moabitess and her mother-in-law to prove that the love of women for women is strong and lasting. Do you know of a pair more congenial, more loving, more true than these two members of the "Hiner family?"

Sarah Goode in her Nature Study began loving and wooing the flowers, the birds, and the trees. We know not what magic power she weilded save that of her meek brown eyes, but we do know that Cupid stole gently upon the scene and a Branch fell in love with her.

The mountain-girt town of Salem will go down in the history of the Normal School, Class after class has been honored by the membership of its girls, but we boast of five whose names shall long be famous in the fields of pedagogy. It seems that the mathematical powers of Jemima Hurt and Minnie Thomason are parallel with, or in equal proportion to those of Paschal, Pythagoras, or Euclid. Their love for the subject is incommensurable, and we firmly believe that their knowledge will increase in direct proportion to the curved lines multiplied on their brows, the tints subtracted from their cheeks, and the gray strands added to those locks which are now so black.

Blanche Johnston we must all recognize as our most successful teacher of phonics. Sounds and A, B, C's exercise themselves vigorously at her command.

Lucy Stearnes has the contents of Webster's Unabridged at her very tongue's end. She has frequently made speeches that have sent us rushing to the library for instruction.

Jessie Finke, with deep, clear eyes of forget-me-not blue, is as much beloved as the flowers of which she reminds us. If there are any in need of friendly aid, we may be sure that Jessie will find them out.

Louise Vaughan, our wise and witty prophet, is a victim to that passion which Dickens says is the most interesting and pardonable of human weaknesses—love. She is not alone, however, for there are self-evident proofs that Etta Sampson, Mary McChesney and Elizabeth Cobbs have long since lost their hearts and heads, and intend at no distant date to lose their very names.

Hallie Miller's name suggests to us study, punctuality and regularity. We may safely say that she and Ethel Reynolds have squandered fewer golden minutes than any other members of our class.

We have concluded that Sadie Leary must take the early morning hours—that we use for sleeping—to arrange that attire always so extremely neat. Who else could, betwee the fifteen minutes bell and breakfast bell place every pin, every ribbon, every hair of her head so precisely in the right place and have it stay so a whole day?

Ella Burger and Inez Clary are two of our most prudent and cautious members; they were never known to do or say anything rash—not even in our most exciting class meetings—a positive, convincing proof of "sweet self-control."

Mary Lou Campbell is our only artist; Gertrude Griffin, so far as we are able to say our only coquette, and Fannie Hodnett our only girl who has failed to show at least some sign of admiration for the opposite sex.

The sunny disposition of Lillie Saunders makes her serious-minded friends constantly desirous of this fortunate quality of character. She and Nannie Burge have the mysterious power of wearing every dark cloud wrong side out to show its silvery lining.

Mary Herbert, Jessie Dey and Ollie Beard, our trio from Norfolk, have won the love of all. As editor-in-chief of the Annual, as class poet and as valedictorian, these three form a triumvirate with ambitions far above the sordid political schemes of old Rome; a triumvirate whose plans are made in love and executed in sweet companionship.

Mary Rodes and Lucie Chrisman were two favorites among the Training School children. Petiteness and gentleness being their chief characteristics, they seem abundantly capable of training the young.

Lillian Blair is pensive and persevering, and tries as hard as anyone we know to do just what is asked of her.

It is very evident that Mellie Morehead is a lady of leisure, since she is the first one to bring a rocking chair to the Educational Seminar.

Mary Baldwin, Byrd King and Bessie Carter, our proficient music teachers, thought this subject delightful until the pitch-pipes were introdueed. The word "pitch" suggested such alarming, half-yearly scenes that the useful little pipes became real bugbears.

The dilapidated condition of floors between the east and west wings is due, we think, to the innumerable visits of Fannie Wolfe to her devoted companion, Ellen Painter. Should they come again, we speak to have them room near each other—at least on the same hall.

One would think, from her actions, that Lottie Snead is very much in love with the third and fourth grades. We are forced to believe, however, that she is interested not so much in the work doing as in the work "Dunn."

Audrey Brittingham and Alda Reynolds have had the pleasure (?) of teaching successfully the new-fashioned arithmetic just lately arrived from London.

Jessie Whitmore! The world never knew a busier person. The swiftness of the going and coming seasons keeps her in a rush, for she must have the newest styles just as the fashion sheets present them. Aside from her school work, it is said that she gives the "Delineator" and all similar magazines daily consideration.

Amelia Harrison, Peachy Sanderlin and Laura Johnson are three of the few women who do not love to talk. Need more be said? Nellie Smithey, on the other hand, is always talking, and frequently regrets the lack of time wherein to express the great ideas stored away in her ponderous brain.

If the past three years had been one long night, Scotia Starke and her sympathizer, the historian, could say as did Clarence in Shakespeare's King Richard III.: "O, I have passed a miserable night! So full of ugly sights—of ghastly dreams." Triangles, circles, polygons—all things pertaining to mathematics—have seemed a cloud of malicious imps to steal away much of the sweetness from our slumbers.

Carrie Sutherlin and Claudia Perkins come to us from the noted class of January—that class with "Never say fail" as a motto. Their great love for the school and their unquenchable thirst for more knowledge caused them to stay with us and work for another diploma.

There is one member not before mentioned among those of our class—our honorary member. His unwavering interest in, and ceaseless labors for, the Seniors have been clearly manifested throughout the whole year. Whatever we do, or wherever we go, the memories of his class-room will be filled with pleasure and gratitude. We shall see in the future, as we have so often seen in the past, numerous blackboard drawings of the brain and brain centers. Seated near, we shall see him calmly propounding such questions of Animal Psychology as these: "What process goes on between the brain centers of a dog when he crawls through the fence, turning his head at the same time to prevent the stick in his mouth from obstructing his way? Is it association with some previous act; is it reasoning, or is it due to deeply-cut paths made by habit between the centers for sight and motion?" Such questions we leave for future classes, which shall, like us, be asked in vain for the answers.

HISTORIAN.

Class Song

TUNE : "UNDER THE BAMBOO TREE."

A band of happy maidens, we,
From old Virginia homes, you see;
Came here with eager thoughts and free
To pluck fruit from the tall knowledge tree;
But now the tree we've climbed quite high,
And work was it with many a sigh!
Yet now's the time that we'll not cry,
But all so gladly sing:

CHORUS.

Then hey didle do! we Seniors are through,
With minds that new plans will fill:
Loyal and true, whate'er we do,
We'll do it with a will.
Since teaching is done, then let's have some fun,
And banished all sadness be—
All live as one, sharing the fun,
Up in the knowledge tree.

The time is here for sad farewell,
But we're too happy this to tell
With sadness now we cannot dwell—
Let all be cheery with music merry.
The faculty we wish to be
The first to share our gaiety;
And schoolmates, too, we're glad have come
To climb this wondrous tree.

M. T.

Class Poem

June, 1904

"ROSEMARY."

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray, love, remember."

Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. V.

We read in a wonderful drama,
Writ by a great poet of old,
Of a maiden whose name was Ophelia—
A maiden most fair to behold.

She loved beauteous blossoms to gather,
Of plants that were bitter or sweet:
She gave to them fanciful meanings
That were with quaint wisdom replete.

The pansies of velvety purple,
Or yellow as gold pure and bright,
She said were the mystical symbols
Of thought, and we grant she was right.

And "Rosemary, that's for remembrance,
Pray, love, remember," she said;
So now with the fragrant rosemary
Fond memory's path let us tread.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance";
My classmates remember to-day,
On our journey of school life together,
We've come to the end of our way.

Full long we have toiled and we've labored,
In hopes when the session was o'er
Our teachers would gladly proclaim us
"The Graduates," June, nineteen-four.

Remember, two fleeting terms, classmates,
As "Seniors" we've dwelt in these walls;
Now others claim that as *their* title—
As "Graduates" *we* pace the halls.

Now, as we walk through them, what mem'ries
Are thronging in haste to our minds,
As boldly one peeps into class-rooms,
And silence and emptiness finds.

We think of the days gone forever,
When oft to this same room we came
To recite, and sometimes each was guilty
Of dreading to hear her own name.

And then, oh! how well we remember,
When we to the Training School go,
The children, who greet us no longer
From little desks there in a row.

So, onward, as all o'er the building
We once more with ling'ring steps pace,
The rosemary, with its faint fragrance
Of mem'ry, pervades every space.

So let us, dear classmates, take with us,
As forth on life's journey we start,
Some rosemary (that's for remembrance),
And keep it hid close in each heart;

Remembering those who have taught us,
And helped us in many a wise way;
And never forgetting the buildings—
The scene of our work day by day.

Above all, dear classmates, I beg you,
In future years when we bestow
A swift, fleeting thought of remembrance
On people we've known long ago,

Then let us forget not each other,
For comrades we've been in our fears
And our hopes, while we've been here together,
So let mem'ry last through the years.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance,
Pray, love, remember," we say,
And so we shall never, no never,
Forget our Commencement Day.

JESSIE DEY.

Prophecy of Class of June, 1904

I HAD long looked forward to the summer of 1909, which I had planned to spend by the quiet seaside in my dear native State. I secured board through friends with a Mrs. R———. When I reached her cottage who should meet me as hostess but Audrey Brittingham, one of my old classmates! No one who has not for four long years been in foreign lands can realize how glad I was to see an old friend.

Tired as I was with traveling, I could not go to my room until Audrey and I had a long chat concerning the good times we had at school. She gladly answered my eager inquiries—those about the many changes that had been made in our school, and about the new buildings. Of the girls, too, I knew almost nothing. Two of them, Alda Reynolds and Ella Burger, I had met in Europe, and they had told me of Mary Clay Hiner, a missionary in far-away China. "Her friend Blanche Gilbert," put in Audrey, "stayed in America for a mission of another kind. She organized an Anti-Marriage Club, and she is trying still to get Normal School girls to join. Bettie Murfee, after asking in vain for some one to change her name, became one of its members, and she is now teaching to beginners in geometry 'that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.'"

Another member of the club is Ellen Painter. I was certainly surprised, but as a sister of charity I am sure she will do a great deal of good. After the talent she showed for leap year proposals in 1904, no one would have thought that she would have chosen such a quiet life. Her colleague, Mary Herbert, was more successful, and in February, 1908, she at last succeeded in getting a most favorable answer. How well I remember her—happy, jolly, and with such queenly grace.

"I shouldn't know any more," Audrey went on, "but you know Carrie Martin always liked so much to write. Since her graduation she has written several books, and she has kept sight of almost all of our girls. About a month ago I received a letter from her telling me what our classmates are doing now, and I shall get that and let you read it."

Eagerly I grasped the letter and began reading. First I saw that Mary Baldwin had succeeded Mr. Cox, and was giving entire satisfaction as secretary of our Alma Mater. This was not a surprise, for we realized Mary's business ability when she was manager of our class annual.

The next name was that of Lillian Blair, who had stopped teaching and was a devoted home missionary in the mountains of Virginia.

"This is news," I said, "Scotia Starke and Elizabeth Cobbs practicing law together in Richmond—'Starke & Cobbs, Attorneys at Law.' But I ought not to wonder at this, after hearing years ago their debate, 'Resolved that the Normal School Shall be Co-Educational.'"

"Well! Jessie Whitmore has certainly found her niche—designer for a Paris dressmaking establishment! Wasn't she just cut out for that?"

"It does seem that many of our girls have wandered far from the teaching profession," said Audrey, "but some are still carrying the good work on. Ollie Beard is superintendent of schools in Norfolk. She keeps up with many of the girls who are teaching. When she was last here she told me of several of them. Ella Hahn has a position in a high school where Fannie Hodnett, as principal, is winning success, esteem and love—notably the last.

"Minnie Thomason and Jemima Hurt, both Salem girls, are noted Math. teachers at Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

"Hallie Miller, too, has been faithful to her pledge, and having taught a great many over two years, intends to teach for some time yet.

"Carrie Sutherlin and Millie Morehead fell so much in love with primary work at the Normal, that they have decided to keep it up for the rest of their lives."

"Lottie Snead having "Dunn" what she could for the III. and IV. grades in our Training School, has gone to work in other lands.

"Laura Johnson is a busy teacher, too, and has written Ollie that she intends to make this her life work. She said she had recently heard from Jessie Finke and Nellie Smithey, who are members of the faculty at Farmville.

"I don't think of any more just now, but you haven't yet finished Carrie's letter," and picking it up, she began to read aloud: "At the head of a large hospital is Dr. Frances Wolfe, and under her as trained nurses are Gertrude Griffin, Peachy Sanderlin and Mary Rhodes. Gertrude stole a few minutes, while her patient was sleeping, to tell me of her success, and Mary Rhodes added that *that* patient had persuaded Gertrude that the life of a trained nurse was entirely too hard for her. Sarah Goode is in Suffolk. How strange that she should live in such a low country. She always liked 'Cliffs,' but she says there are 'Branches' there.

"I hear that Etta Sampson has gone to Cornell, and there at last met her mateh. Her friend, Mary Lou Campbell, is still working at her art. You know she designed the John Smith and Pocahontas group for the Jamestown exposition.

"One of our musicians, Mary Powers, while waiting for her train in Monticello Hotel, her fingers wandering idly over the keys of a grand piano, touched the chord of a very wealthy man's heart.

"The class baby, Janie Crute, was too young to battle with the world, and as she couldn't fight it alone, she had to get some one to help her.

"Lucy Chrisman resides at the White House in Washington, Mrs. President, and assists her husband in affairs of state.

"A few days ago I picked up a magazine which contained a poem by Jessie Dey, and a long article on Nature Study, which I afterwards learned was taken from a book on that subject by Leary and Kay, which is to be published soon.

"Lucy Stearnes will win a world-wide reputation if the flying machine she has just patented will fly. Lucy was always the most original person in the world, and I should not be surprised to hear that she has really solved the problem of aerial navigation.

"Amelia Harrison, with those violet eyes, has brought many a suitor to her feet, but she was so much taken up with her teaching that she so far has been utterly oblivious to their charms.

"Lillian Saunders, though a confirmed old maid, still hides her cares and troubles behind a smiling face.

"Claudia Perkins and Mary McChesney, two of our stars, have decided to shine in somebody else's lives.

"Nannie Burge is at present in the arctic regions. Her husband is an explorer, and having been unsuccessful once, is trying again with her help to discover the north pole.

"Another one of our little classmates has shown us that her ability is not to be judged by her size, and to-day Blanche Johnston is book-keeper for a large firm."

"Well, that is a newsy letter," I said, "but I have just thought of several of the girls whom Carrie has not mentioned. I stopped a week in New York, and one night I went to a concert to hear Byrd King, who is quite a noted concert singer. In the audience were two of our old girls, Inez Clary, now president of the W. C. T. U., and the girl we knew as Bessie Carter, who has changed her name."

"Nobody has said anything about Ethel Reynolds," I remarked, "but her solitaire told a sufficiently plain story."

"Something else is telling a plain story," replied Audrey. "Listen!" and as the cool breeze blew from the moonlit ocean, I heard the hall clock strike two.

LOUISE VAUGHAN.

Class Song of June, 1904

Tune: "The Old Oaken Bucket."

I.

How dear to our hearts will the scenes of our school days
Be when recollection recalls them to view!
Just now we're rejoicing because we are leaving
Those very same spots, since with books we are through;
The prospect of rest for a while fills with gladness
Our hearts, for our life-work begins soon, we know,
But into our joy comes a slight tinge of sadness.
From school life we are parting, to real life we go;
The world with its pleasure and pain is before us—
We wait to receive what it has to bestow.

II.

Full long have we labored, both fearing and hoping,
At last our reward we are reaping to-day;
For bright days of pleasure and dark nights of groping
For knowledge, this now will us fully repay.
The end was in view from the very beginning,
When graduates we on the platform should stand.
And gain what we've really succeeded in winning—
Diplomas for each from our President's hand!
N. S. Diplomas! they're priceless in value;
They're earned with hard work by each one of our band

III.

Then let us rejoice here with smiles on our faces,
Though tear-drops may steal from our eyes as we sing—
A sigh of fond mem'ry sure never disgraces,
But sighs let us drown as our glad voices ring.
Oh! hail us with blossoms, strew garlands before us,
As conquering heroines greet us to-day!
And join, we beseech you, with us in our chorus
Of triumph o'er studies that well might dismay!
Oh! we are the graduates, June, nineteen-four:
Rejoice in our honor, smile with us, we pray!

Jessie Dey.

The Last Will and Testament of the Senior B Class of Nineteen Hundred and Four

We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Four, of the county of Prince Edward and State of Virginia, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this herein below as our last will and testament, revoking all former wills heretofore made by us:

First: We direct that all our just debts, including the ones for olives, chafing-dish parties, oranges, lemons, candy and necessary sheep-skins, and such other expenses in our name, be paid in full.

Second: We bequeath to our honored professor, Elmer E. Jones, the bulk of our fortune in the form of our class pin, and with the same go our heartfelt appreciations of what he has been to us as a friend, and an inspiration and example.

Third: We devise and bequeath to Miss Mary St. Clair Woodruff a group of the class of June, nineteen hundred and four; to Miss Haliburton a book on phonics; to Miss Dunn our own carefully prepared copy books upon the popular innovation of vertical hieroglyphics; to Miss Hills a well trained gymnasium suit, and a few forgotten excuses for absence; to Mr. Mattoon we bequeath the privilege to teach the next class of Senior B's how to draw as well upon their imaginations as we have upon ours.

Fourth: We bequeath to our honored professor, Dr. Sears, a box "full of deep philosophy;" to Miss Reynolds and Miss Blackiston two complete sets of materials necessary for drawing or moulding maps of Virginia and North America, the said sets containing papers, rules, scales of proportions, bottles of salt, bags of flour, and three pints of Appomattox drinking fluid, which should not be shaken before using.

Fifth: To Miss Andrews and Miss Kinzer we bequeath the suggestion that Buehler's Modern English is a most excellent text-book; we bequeath to them also the minutes of "The Anti-Ain't Club;" to Miss London we leave two boxes three by three by twelve, with necessary glue to join them, and several boxes of splints; to Miss Patteson and Miss Lancaster our sincere appreciation of what they have taught us; to Miss Alleen Andrews we leave the echoes of "Poor Cock Robin" and "Big Bass Drum;" to Miss Rice our ghosts, in her dreams, photographed with those of Cæsar, Cicero and Cataline; to Miss Winston permission to speak to or call on any Senior B next year; to Miss Smithey our best wishes for a pleasant trip across the sea and a safe return next fall.

Sixth: We bequeath to Dr. Jarman our finally completed schedules; to Mrs. Morrison our appreciation of her kind advice and care while we have been at the State Female Normal School; to Mrs. Newby a cake of Ivory soap; to Aunt Patty and Miss Mary White Cox many silent, fond good-nights; to Mr. Cox the dedication of the Annual of nineteen hundred and four, with our sincerest love; to Miss Susie Allen a number of empty boxes, one-half inch high by two inches wide, prescribed by Dr. Peter Winston.

We appoint Lucy Jackson Stearnes executor of this, our last will and testament, and direct that she shall carry out the provisions of said will, and shall have authority to dispose of same according to the terms of the will.

Witness our hand and seal, this eighth day of April, nineteen hundred and four.

Senior B Class, [seal]
Lucy Jackson Stearnes,
Scribe.

Witnesses:
Judge Mary Herbert,
Hon. Jessie Dey,
Hon. Mary Campbell.

Senior A Class

FLOWER: Marechal Niel Rose. COLORS: Yellow and White.

MOTTO: "Duty done is honor won."

Officers

SALLIE GUY DAVIS, *President*

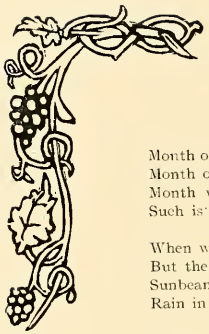
ZAIDIE H. SMITH, *Vice-President*

ELIZABETH HAMPTON WADE, *Sec. and Treas.*

Class Roll

AVICE ALLEN
MARGERY ATKINSON
MAUDE CHERNAULT
SALLIE GUY DAVIS.
MAMIE FLETCHER
KATHERINE M. GRAYSON
WILLIE HODGES
MARY VIRGINIA HOLMES
MAUDE IVES
LIZZIE F. JAMES
ANNA C. JOLIFFE
EMMA HAYES JONES
BESSIE JUSTIS
HATTIE V. KELLY
HANNAH LEE MARTIN
ROCHET MOREAN MCKINNEY
MARY SUE MOORE
ELIZABETH HARRIET RICHARDSON
MARY L. RICHARDSON
ANNA ROY ROGERS
BELLE SHORTER
ZAIDEE H. SMITH
DOROTHY STONE
URSULA TUCK
ELIZABETH HAMPTON WADE
ALICE KENT WARE
CALVA HAMLET WATSON
MARGUERITE GLASS WILLIAMS

SENIOR A CLASS



April

Month of sunshine and of show'rs;
Month of buds which soon are flow'rs;
Month when birds begin to sing—
Such is April, month of spring.

When we wake, the sun shines bright,
But the rain falls ere the night—
Sunbeams peep while cloudlets bring
Rain in April, month of spring.

Blows no more the wintry blast,
For its season now is past;
Winter is no longer king—
Now rules April, month of spring.

Buds are opening everywhere;
Leaflets cover trees once more;
All of nature—everything—
Knows 'tis April, month of spring.

Easter lilies, as they blow,
Say to nodding grass below:
We proclaim that Christ, the King,
Rose in April, month of spring.

Junior B Class

Flower: Simmrlpsluffnl. Colors: Grein und Gold.

Motto: Visonsnit und Warsersnit.

Officers

Lucy Morton Brooke, *President*
Edith Leigh Dickey, *Vice-President*
Edith Brent Duvall, *Secretary*
Alice Edmunds Paulett, *Treasurer*

Class Roll

Louise Adams
Maude Marshall Anderson
Lucy Morton Brooke
Harriet King Bugg
Helen Childrey
Susie Katherine Chilton
Fennell Crawley
Mary French Day
Edith Leigh Dickly
Edith Brent Duvall
Margaret Campbell Fairish
Florence Ingram
Sue Mitchell Muse
Alice Edmunds Paulett
Ada May Smith
Belle Trower

Elizabeth Clara Verser

Junior A Class

Colors: Dark Blue and Gold. Flower: Golden Rod.

Motto: *Semper Fidelis.*

Officers

Susie E. Ford, *President*
Eva Het, *Vice-President*
Mary S. Ford, *Secretary*
Clara Sanderlin, *Treasurer*

Class Roll

Bevy Cox
Edna Cox
Sallie Cox
Ethel Wagner
Mary S. Ford
Susie Ford
Sallie Goggin
Eva Het
Rosella Houston
Lois Leonard
Frankie McKinney
Stella Nelson

Clara Sanderlin

JUNIOR B CLASS

JUNIOR A CLASS

The Hardest Thing I Ever Did

Scraps of Autobiography

(Special to THE VIRGINIAN.—News published for the first and last time.)

To leave home for my first year at school.—*Almost All of Us, Boo-hoo!*

To give up, when five years old, to my new baby sister, my place as pet of the family.—*M. P.*

Having my hair cut.—"*Chewdie.*"

To overcome the dreadful results of over-indulgence at home—I am the baby of the family.—*V. B.*

To keep from catching slanginess, and even worse habits of speech—pray don't let that get out of the family—from my room-mates at a certain well-known school.—*Double A.*

Talking of hard things! Don't forget those abominable old compositions!—*S. J.* + *Three Score or More.*

To be still in church when a little girl—it isn't easy even now.—*Ellen.*

Keeping a secret.—*L. J.*

Apologizing for my sauciness and rudeness.—*A. L. S.*

Making a sensational descent, as a circus girl, from the top of the coal house by means of a parachute—my father's family umbrella.—*M. D.*

Learning how to study. Shall I ever? No, No, never!—*S. McC.*

To break myself from crying for things I couldn't have.—*L. R.* (You'd be surprised to know who that is.)

Cooking dinner for unexpected company one warm day in July when mother was away.—*Dorothy—the big one.*

Keeping awake at church once upon a time.—*Anne.*

Spending a long, long night—oh! I beg your pardon—half of it—with my cousin, two short, short blocks from my home.—*C—rr——K—l—.*

Climbing an icy hill—the only way home; as I had to get home that same night, I crawled up on my hands and knees as a last resort.—*Ashore.*

To try to decide on the hardest thing I ever did was the hardest thing I ever did.—"*March.*"

Amen to that!—*The other Dorothy.*

COPIED
BY
Woodruff

Second B Class

Flower: Buttercup. Colors: Orange and black.

Motto: "For better things."

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Bertha Ames
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Elizabeth Garland Tinsley
Margaret Lewis Tucker
Grace Walton
Eugenia Wambersie
Mary Edith Whitley

SECOND B CLASS

Second A Class

FLOWER: Daisy. COLORS: White and Yellow.

MOTTO: "Crescite."

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KATE WARRINER
ELLA WATTS
ETHEL WHITE
ELEANOR WIATT
BETTIE YOUNG
MARY YOUNG

SECOND A CLASS

Golden Rod

Golden rod, golden rod, dainty and fair,
Nodding in meadows and fields ev'rywhere.
Are you a flower or a fairy, pray tell?
Bright yellow golden rod, I love you well.

Beautiful golden rod, whence did you come?
High-ways and by-ways you now make your home,
But long ago, dear, did you not dwell
In a fairy queen's garden in some lovely dell?

If you'll but tell all your secrets to me,
I promise repeated they never shall be.
Will you not whisper them low in my ear?
See, I will put my head close down to hear.

Alas! all I hear is the twitt'ring of birds—
Golden rod can't put her story in words.
Now I will leave you to dance in the breeze—
Your secret, fair flower, just keep, if you please.

First B Class

Flower: White Carnation. Color: Olive Green and White.

Motto: "*Forti et fideli nihil difficile.*"

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FIRST B CLASS

First A Class

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Lottie Seat
Virginia Selden
Lucie Shelton
Vedah Watson
Mattie Willis

In Memoriam

Leta Bell Irvine

of the

Class 1907

Died February ninth

1904

STATE FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL—PRESENT BUILDING

STATE FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL—PROPOSED NEW BUILDING

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'Mid the Green Fields of Old Farmville

'Mid the green fields of old Farmville
Stands the S. N. S. so dear,
Where we long have studied, worried, worked and won.
Now into the world we're starting
And our spirits rise anew—
Oh, it makes us glad to know our work's begun.
When we think of how we've toiled
In the class-rooms old and dear,
There come fondest recollections of the past.
Ah, the memory of our struggles—
Of teachers kind and true—
Oh, it makes us sad to know these days are past.

CHORUS.

Farewell to our classmates here—
Teachers and friends so dear:
Soon our hearts will long and sigh for them each day.
Oh! we've spent some happy hours
In the S. N. S. so dear,
And it makes us sad to know we're going away!

Many times around this campus
We have walked beneath the trees,
Thinking of the happiness of that June day
When our work would be completed,
And with sheep-skins dearly won
We would say good-bye forever and for aye.
Now we say farewell to Farmville—
Bid you all a sweet adieu—
School-mates, teachers, friends we all have loved so well;
But we hope again to see you in the alumnæ years to come,
When the girls of '04 their tales will tell.

HODNETT AND HAHN.

Literary Department

Mazoo

THE brook, the Sebowisha, danced on with rippling laughter; the wild flowers nodded and smiled; the birds sang wild and wayward songs of ectasy; the leaves in the tree-tops rustled with a sigh of patience; the west wind whispered softly to the bending grasses—all the many sounds of nature were as one sweet song of love.

But the maiden did not hear it as she lay, face upward, on the dark green moss. Her slender figure was half covered with a robe of doeskin, fringed with ermine, belted with a silver girdle; her tiny feet were incased in moccasins, soft and white, and inwrought with beads; her hair—a cloud of sunshine—reflected in its golden redness the glow of the sinking sun; here eyes, like deep-blue violets, turned toward heaven as if in silent prayer. The sad-eyed maiden, Memory, is leading her through the past.

Following her silent guide, once more she sees the beauty of a late spring flooding a little village and its outskirts. A dainty maiden of seventeen summers, she walks with her sweetheart down toward the edge of the forest. He is telling her the old, old story—telling her that he loves her. Her lips are pouting, her eyes are laughing, but the dainty flush deepens—'tis the flush of love. He draws from his hand a tiny circle of gold; tenderly he slips it on her slender finger, and with a reverent kiss seals their betrothal. Into the forest the lad goes proudly to join his comrades in the hunt, while the maiden watches, with a happy heart, till he is lost to view. Then she turns—her heart stands still in terror—a stalwart, stealthy Indian, with one hand on his lips, and the other stretched toward her in command, stands beside her.

* * * * * * * *

Memory hurries her along. Now Powhatan, the great sachem, sits in royal state on a throne of willows; round him are grouped the Indian maidens, beautiful as the dusk of evening; there, too, are the wise counsellors and the lusty warriors. In the center of the wigwam burns a fire of cedar boughs, and the smoke in dense, blue vapor rises slowly through an opening in the top. "Through their thoughts they hear a footstep"; from behind a waving curtain comes an Indian leading a reluctant, frightened pale-faced maiden. Slowly Powhatan arises and speaks tremulously and low, "Brave Mazoo, thou hast found a

comely maiden, beautiful in face and form. We will make of her a princess; we will call her Princess Kali; we will clothe her like our maidens. In good time she'll wed thee, son—wed the brave Prince Mazoo." While the great chief still is speaking, a voice cries in the anguish of entreaty, "Take me home," and the Indian maidens whisper, "'Tis but just we give her freedom, when sweet freedom's what we love." The chief in anger cries, "His life is lost, whoe'er it be, who aids the Princess to escape." The maidens take away the sobbing girl; they dress her in the softest furs; give her the most beautiful wigwam, and make her bed of sweetest rushes.

The months pass languidly, and the Princess Kali comes and goes among the wigwams and the forest play-grounds at her own pleasure. The sunshine tans her soft, white skin, and Mazoo thinks "She grows more lovely, like a tawny lily."

* * * * * * * *

Memory flees affrighted. "Kali!" called a clear voice. The willows by the brook parted and Mazoo, the Indian Prince, sprang up the hillside and threw himself at the maiden's feet. She smiled wanly at him through her tears, and whispered softly, pleadingly, "Mazoo." He poured out his oft-repeated tale of love; told her that in forest, mountain, prairie, river—all day long he thought of her, his most beautiful Kali—thought of her lovely sun-kissed hair, her shadowy, violet eyes; thought of her pure, brave heart, and prayed the Great Spirit to make it his. But the Princess in a low, sad voice, told him of the white man's village—of her home, of her betrothal; showed to him the tiny ring.

Up sprang the brave Mazoo, all his mighty courage shining in his eyes. Oh, he would kill the paleface dog who dared to claim his bride! Suddenly the light of anger died out of his eyes, and they were filled with a mighty purpose. He bent over eagerly, whispered softly, "Little Princess, be not sad; I will find your palefaced lover; I will bring him to my sweetheart—to my evening star." He left a light kiss on her forehead and was gone. A bitter cry pierced the heavy stillness of the Indian summer: "Mazoo! Mazoo! you give up your life! Oh, Mazoo! 'tis you I love!"

Mazoo sped on his errand. He passed the children at their play, the old men smoking at the wigwam doors, the maidens plaiting mats of grass and rushes, the warriors and the young men listening to the strange and wonderful adventures of the great traveller, Iagoo. Unheeding, unseeing, he rushed into the silent and sombre gloom of the forest, thinking always of Kali—of the beautiful Princess; through the forest, across the prairie, over the mountains—all day long and all night—onward he pushed, till he came to the white man's village. There, in the edge of the forest, he hid himself and waited and prayed.

On the third morning, as he turned his thoughts from heaven to earth, startled by the sound of a broken twig, he saw a gleam of metal; the rifle of the paleface pointed straight to Mazoo's heart. Quickly he threw up his right hand and cried, "To the paleface, peace!" Came the answer, "Peace!" Then rose the Prince Mazoo in all his haughty beauty, and told the white man how, many months ago, he had stealthily watched and followed the paleface lover as he walked with a maiden down to the woods; how he had stolen the maiden, and had made of her a princess; how he loved her; how unhappy she had been. Then he told the paleface where to find her.

Back into the forest fled Mazoo as swiftly as he had come. Into the heart of the tranquil woods he rushed; all around him calmness reigned, but within was tumult. His whole body trembled with the struggling of passions in his heart—love against hatred, hatred against love.

A breeze faintly tinged with dampness crept through the forest, rustling the leaves—the forerunner of the storm; a raindrop fell, and then another, and soon they came pelting down, falling over each other in their mad hurry to the ground; the wind rose higher, higher, bent the tall trees almost double; the lightning, forked tongues of fire, pierced the heavens; the thunder crashed. Nature seemed in a frenzy. But Mazoo lay on the ground, with his face to the earth, and did not know the storm was raging; did not feel the lightning as it pierced his heart. The Great Spirit, the Creator, seeing that his heart was broken, took compassion on his sorrow—shot him with a golden arrow.

There in the deep, dark forest his brave comrades found him, long after the storm. Silently they bore him home; slowly and sadly they buried him under the mound by the brook; softly they stole away, but he was not left alone. On the earth a prostrate maiden—Kali, the sun-haired—moaned in pain: "Oh, Mazoo! 'Twas you I loved!"

Elizabeth Richardson.

Our Library

IT IS VERY CLEAR to everyone that within the last year or so our school buildings have been greatly improved. Now, while these improvements are going on outside, there are just as many within the school walls.

Perhaps our library has been improved more than any other feature, for we have splendid new rooms now, with over three thousand volumes in them. We subscribe, too, to the following periodicals for the reading-room:

Daily Newspapers

Norfolk Landmark
Richmond Times-Dispatch

Weekly Papers and Magazines

Central Presbyterian
Outlook
Farmville Herald
Official Gazette
Alexandria Times
School Journal
Journal of Education
Suffolk Herald
Literary Digest
Saturday Evening Post
Nation
Youth's Companion

Monthly Magazines

Atlantic Monthly
Century Magazine
Drawing Manual
Elementary School Teacher
Farm and Ranch
Harper's Monthly
Kindergarten
Locomotive
Mind and Body
Manual Training
Monist
National Tribune
Pedagogical Seminary
Primary School
Review of Reviews
St. Nicholas
School Physiology Journal
Virginia School Journal
Birds and Nature
Current Literature
Educational Review
Educational Science
Goodson Gazette
Hampden-Sidney Magazine
Ladies' Home Journal
Little Folks
Music Record Review
McClure's Magazine
Nature
N. Y. Teachers' Monograph
Perry Magazine
Popular Educator
Reader's Guide
Success
School Art Books
World's Work
Book News
Country Life in America
Education
Forum
Good Housekeeping
Journal of Geography
Literary Digest
Modern Language Notes
The Muse
Musician
Normal Instructor
Our Times
Psychological Review
Primary Education
Scribner's Magazine
School Review
Teachers' Institute
Teachers' College Record
American Journal of Psychology
American Educational Journal

LUCY MANSON

A Senior B Class-Meeting

WHAT day is this? Why, Thursday, to be sure—the day of all days for Senior B's.

Here they come trooping into the class-room. Jabber! jabber! jabber! buzz! buzz!—everybody talking at once, and no one listening to anybody else. Ah, there is the President armed with a good, stout rule. With all the dignity possible, she marches up to the front. Tap! tap! tap!—but all in vain. Again, louder, rap! rap! rap! At last the noise subsides, and a voice, as if from a distance, is heard saying, "The class will please come to order." The effect must be magical, for it is now actually possible to hear the well modulated voice of our secretary as she calls the roll.

But why do so many answer for the absentees, "She's coming!" "She asked to be excused." "Miss H—— has an engagement, and wishes to be excused!" I'll tell you, to be tardy means a nickel must be paid into the treasury, and doesn't that mean less money to be spent at "Uncle Pat's?"

There is important business for to-day. Various committees must be appointed; vital questions must be discussed. Some one has the floor: "Madam President, I suggest that a committee be appointed to ask Mr. President to secure the Opera House for our final exercises." A dozen voices echo, "Yes, yes, you know that Assembly Hall is entirely too small for us. Why, girls, just think of it! All of us can't get on the rostrum! and I, for one, want to be seen that day." Another voice in a far corner: "Yes, I shall wear my first train, and I certainly want plenty of room to show it to an advantage." Such convincing arguments call for a committee of three to attend to this important matter at once.

"Is there any further business?" inquires the President. Hands wave wildly in the air—two girls standing upon the floor speaking in excited tones. Rap! rap! "Let's be more quiet, please," from the President. "Now, Miss B——, we will hear you."

"What about our pictures for the Annual? Are they to be three-quarter length—or how?" Again bedlam, but above it all can be heard, "Oh, I want mine three-quarter; my features won't show up so plainly then, and if I get 'pitched' people can't tell who I am."

"But I want mine just the head and shoulders, for I have promised to send one—mh—mh—hm—home, and I want a very good one."

The art editor calms the storm by saying, that either choice may be made and the photographs arranged in the Annual accordingly. There is a sigh of relief.

"Our" play is mentioned, and some one thoughtlessly suggests that one of the lower class girls take part. Too late she discovers her mistake; she is confronted by a class-mate with flushed cheeks, sparkling eyes, and indignation written on every feature. "Is there not enough talent in our own class to carry this out successfully? It seems to me a Senior B play should be played by Senior B's." This outburst is received with many approving winks and nods, and muttered "I think-so-too's," and class spirit runs high for a short time. The President remembers how effective is the use of the rule, and again has recourse to that "weapon of silence."

The committee on pins takes the floor, and asks how many pins are to be bought. "Of course, all of us want one—but suppose we do not graduate in June; we should feel so mortified wearing a '04 pin when we come back next year." But when the vote is taken, the temptation proves too great to resist, and fifty out of the fifty-one give in their names.

"By the way, girls," says the President, "here is a sample invitation given me, and we wish to know if the class likes this; we wish to decide this afternoon what to order." A plain, neatly engraved invitation is pulled out, also a booklet, which proves to be the programme. There is a murmur of dissatisfaction: "Oh, that's as old as the hills! Why, I have one like that that uncle sent mother when he was at school. Girls, please don't let us go along in the same old ruts! I say get something new and pretty. We want our class to come up to any that has ever left the Normal School." It is suggested that this matter wait over till next meeting.

The subject of hats is next taken up. It is proposed that on Baccalaureate Sunday all wear white duck hats. Here our President shows a little womanly weakness by saying, "Well, girls, they won't all have to be alike, will they? for you know what is becoming to one may not look well on all." "Yes, I agree with you," is heard from all sides. The supper bell is heard ringing loudly, but it cannot be heeded now. This question must be decided. "And then it would create a sensation for the whole Senior Class to be late for supper, and march in in a body!" The discussion continues till all are satisfied, each girl being allowed to wear the shape she likes, provided it is white duck.

The motion to adjourn prevails, and all come rushing down the halls in the same pell-mell, busy, chattering school-girl fashion, each declaring "This is the best meeting we have ever had! So business-like, you know!"

A Senior B.

The Kindergarten

IN MODERN education the position of the Kindergarten is assured. It rests upon sound psychological and pedagogical principles, and is therefore guaranteed the merits of a prominent place in every educational scheme which has for its aim the cultivation of the whole individual. Very much work has been done under the name of Kindergarten which is little more than rather careful nursing. Persons undertaking the work with no professional training, and no knowledge of the underlying principles, have brought discredit upon the very name Kindergarten, which can only be counteracted by the work of experts.

In establishing the Kindergarten in the State Female Normal School, it is felt that a real educational want in our Training Department has been supplied. Our Training School teachers are now supplied with ample means of observing a trained Kindergartner at work upon the various problems that confront the teacher in the very outset.

The Kindergarten Department is not an isolated organism, but is very closely associated with the first grade and the whole primary department of the Training School. It is the beginning of the progressive movement in the education and training of a child. The course covers a period of two years, after which the pupils who are deemed qualified enter our first grade with no break in the continuity of work.

A two years' course is also offered for those who wish to study the Kindergarten with a view to becoming professional Kindergarteners. This course includes strong courses in the History of Education, Psychology, Philosophy of Education, and Child Study, together with actual training in all technique of the Kindergarten method.

How the Class of '05 Studies Southern Literature

A Comedy Bordering on Tragedy

Characters in the Play: Dr. X.: Members of the aforesaid Class.

[Scene: Room H, Science Hall.]

ENTER writers, statesmen, historians, histographers, forensic controversialists, sophists, debaters, "stump speakers," idiots, and other worshippers and would-be followers of the "literati," who instead of discarding their wraps, according to custom, hastily envelop themselves in coats, raglans, ulsters, tippets and furs as they reach the class-room door; temperature at the inspiring degree of five above zero to stimulate mentality, or "mortality," to use the bright expression of one young lady from the "Seminary."

They make a rush for the radiator. Edith and Fennell arriving first, get their full share of its benefits as they are pressed against its dormant surface by those of the rear, who, American-like, refuse positively to retreat one step.

Maud: "Well, I thought that if I landed safely at the bottom of that 'icy hillside smooth and clear' I should be equal to anything in the future, but I find there are worse things than broken bones—namely, frozen ones. The former analytical procedure is accomplished in a little while—the latter synthetical is a sum of processes that knows not the meaning of the word time. When this hour is over there will remain not one of the Junior B class to tell the tale. Wonder who'll write our 'Memoirs?' Surely some one will hand down to posterity the sad story of the hopeful young devotees of 'belles-lettres?'"

Hattie, groaning: "Quite a contrast to the warm reception we received in Nature Study."

Louise, freezingly: "I'd much rather be in a refrigerator! Not that I object at all to being an iceberg, but—"

A crash having in it the suggestion of an object being hurled from a catapult against the outer door, and mingled with it the sound of a scramble outside, and of something like grapeshot flying in every direction, draws all attention from frozen noses and toes, and centered it on the windows. The young ladies with indescribable horror (?) see the grave and dignified professor poised in mid-air as if for flight to a more congenial region, while Pancoast, test papers, grade-book and "special assignments" look as if they have been struck by a Missouri cyclone, or by the "prevailing westerlies," as Fennell remarks.

Helen: "I wonder if that event is conjuring up some great historical feat that has extraordinary bearing on literature?"

Maud: "Perhaps he's meditating on the ups and downs of a literary man."

Bessie W.: "More likely philosophizing on 'when you once start down hill you find everything greased up for the occasion!'"

After several minutes of interesting gymnastics, as though debating whether to take the horizontal or vertical position, the professor seems to decide on the latter, and covering the intervening space of six yards in fifteen minutes, enters the class-room. The girls go shivering to their seats. Edith and Fennell again hug the radiator—the saying "a burnt child," etc., not seeming to apply to them. Helen coughs, and asks Dr. X to please make them come away, as they are absorbing all the heat. Bessie V. hums "In the Good Old Summer Time," and even Miss R. shivers at the contrast.

Dr. X., drawing his coat tight and his muffler close: "Young ladies, as for various reasons we have lost considerable time this morning, we shall be able to touch very briefly only the points outlined in the last day's lesson, with the work assigned for to-day.

"We are now taking up a subject that should be of the most vital interest to you as Southern students—Southern Literature. It is natural—is it not?—if we look at the philosophy of it—to find in a land of blue skies, balmy winds and beautiful flowers that happy, heavenly vision men call art. A soft, mild semi-tropical influence inspires romance and verse."

Katherine, in a shaky whisper: "Farewell—a long farewell—to all my dreams of greatness! If I had but served Mother Nature as faithfully as I have worshipped at the shrine of the Muses, I would not have been left cold and hungry to mine enemies!"

"A warm imagination—"

Susie: "Oh, why weren't we gifted with such? Even in this polar region we might be basking in psychical summer. Do let us try to imagine ourselves warm!"

Fennell: "Dr. X., would a man living on top of the north pole ever feel the soft influences that inspire poetic sentiments?"

Dr. X.: "Well, Miss C., I do not know of any literary light that has flourished so far north, but in studying the law of environment some time ago we found that there were many, many real poets of a far colder climate than this—"

Edith: "Wonders will never cease!"

"You may, however, work that up as a special topic, please. Make a special study of the climatic or geographical range of poets, comparing the relative number and merits of those of the far north with those of the far south. Bring me a list of not less than twenty-five of the most prominent of each, with, of course, a catalogue and critical estimate of their individual works, and an exact location and description of their homes."

Hattie: "Your question answered satisfactorily, Fennell? Our professor always has a reply ready—weighty in more senses than one."

Dr. X.: "We have drifted slightly from our subject—though profitably, I hope. Standing first among our literary men of the South is who?"

Bessie V., with a knowing expression shakes her hand nearly off to escape being called on. Louise A., with a "telling" expression tries modestly, but in vain, not to attract attention.

Dr. X.: "Miss A., what are your views?" [Here an odor that might have been wafted from Poe's "Plutonian Shore" comes from the chemical laboratory above, and in the mad dash for the windows Miss A.'s "views" are lost to history. By 9.40 quiet is again restored, and the recitation proceeds.]

Dr. X.: "I believe we were discussing Poe. In studying this author there are always two sides at which we must look—the good and the bad—of his character, and the consequent reflection of each in his works. Many have written upon the positive and negative side of this two-fold ideal, but some persist in seeing only the former, while others the latter. Now the question that confronts us is—"

Edith: "Dr. X., what do you think of the influence exerted by his life on his writings?"

Dr. X.: "I shall give you some points there. Stedman says—"

"But what do you say?"

Dr. X., with an incomprehensibly superior smile. "I wish you to form an unbiased opinion of your own. Suppose you work up this question as a special assignment. Read carefully the life of Poe by Woodberry, Stoddart's editions of his works, Woodberry and Stedman's edition, in which you will please give great attention to the critical estimate of his work; also the sketch and criticism in Stedman's Poets of America, Andrew Lang's Letters to Dead Authors, and Gosse's Questions at Issue. You will find in the library a new edition of Poe's stories and poems, by Edward Everett Hale. Please note carefully his biographical sketch of author and the critical characterization of his work. I shall expect you to give me the views of his first biographer—Greswold, and also what is said of Poe in Nicholson's "American Literature," in the Encyclopedia Brittanica, Volume XIX. and in Chamber's Encyclopedia, Volume VI. Read the 'Literati,' and give me some idea of him as a critic. In the study of his life criticise and draw conclusions, note in the criticisms of others, the opinions of critics and of the world of the present day as compared with those of his time. But most important of all, read from his poems, 'The Raven,' 'The City of the Sea,' 'The Bells,' 'The Hunter's Palace,' and 'Israfel'; from his tales, 'The Gold Bug,' 'The Black Cat,' 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' and 'The Mask of the Red Death.' Study the character of his scholarship, his literary resources, his materials, and his equipment in general, and as you read compare him with Hawthorne, Charles Brockden, Browne and Balzac. I could give you other references and selections, but I think if you prepare these thoughtfully and discriminatingly, you will have a clear conception of him in general, and will be prepared to discuss the question at issue before the class to-morrow. If you are not permitted take the reference books from the library, you can easily work up your subject during your vacant periods to-day. Miss S., you may take—"

Z. S.: "Oh, Dr. X., the last bell has rung!"

Dr. X.: "Oh, I beg your pardon, Miss S Class excused!"

[Exeunt Omnes.]

Things We Often Hear

"Young ladies, I can't see why you will persist in talking."

"If the master knew
How I love you,
I wonder if he'd take me, too."

"Please bring me a roll."

Mrs. Morrison: "I should like to see all the heads of tables immediately after supper."

Breakfast bell ringing: "Mary, please hand me my gym' blouse."

"Wha' are we going to have for dessert to-day?"

"Are we going on a botany walk this afternoon?"

"Young ladies, don't spend your vacant periods 'spooning.'"

"Did you get a 'sitting on?'"

"Yes, I can go: I'll skip gym'."

"Do you think I'll get a note this afternoon?"

"Are you going to Hampden-Sidney?"

"Did you have permission to be down town this afternoon?"

"She holds your hand and you hold hers,
And that's a very good sign
That she's your tootsie-wootsie—
In the good old summer time."

"Are the Senior B's going to have a class meeting this afternoon?"

"Do you think school will close in May?"

"Where have you been?" "I've been down to Hunt's to have my picture made for the annual."

"Has the ten o'clock bell rung?'
"All in bed?"
"Good night!"

THE CATCH ALL

VOL. I., NO. 1. STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, 1904 PRICEABLE

THE VISIT OF THE LEGISLATORS

State Solons Received with Enthusiasm and the Visit Much Enjoyed

A $55,000 "Impression"

Early one February morning a special car arrived in Farmville bringing twenty-one legislators to visit the Normal School.

Their appearance at chapel was met by a burst of applause. As the page came in with the others, one girl said, "Oh! do look at that little one; do you suppose he is a senator, too?"

After the opening exercise, instead of spending the first period listening to speeches, as had been expected, we saw the gentlemen led to the dining-room; then we passed to our classes with long faces.

After breakfast, separated into two parties, they began a tour of inspection. They entered the Training School about 10:30 o'clock, and heard geography on every hand. Two of the teachers were giving examinations—not because they did not want to be observed—oh, no! but it just *happened* that their examinations fell on that day.

The poor pupil-teachers all managed to get through with their lessons, if one did say that huckleberries grow in swamps.

When in the library, one of the gentlemen said, "Aren't there a number of books in here?" Another answered, "I haven't seen a single book yet." Have you any idea of the cause of his book-blindness?

(Continued on third page.)

A DAY'S OUTING

"Normalites" Go to Willis's in a Pullman Wagon Train—Weary on Return

Handsome Souvenirs Secured

"Who wants to go to Willis's next Saturday?" was shouted down the hall. What an absurd question! Everybody wants to go, of course! But "Uncle Pat's" bill must be settled, and that missionary candy takes so much money, besides the stamps that must be returned.

However, Saturday found about fifty girls up early making ready to start. Girls darted to and fro, and shouted to each other down the hall. Above the scuffle of feet and slamming of doors you could hear, "Louise, lend me your duck hat?" "Say Kate, I want your tie to wear." "Mary, dear, let your old chum wear your new white waist today?" The breakfast bell soon sounded above the din. Down the steps they rushed with mouths full of pins and collars and belts in hand.

After a hasty meal they went out to the front yard, where a line of wagons stood ready for the journey. Escorted by the Apelles and Thucydides of the faculty, the girls climbed to their respective places on the straw, and amidst cheers and hurrahs, set out for the mountain. The little boys on the streets gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at these sedate (?) "Normalites." There was no little frown to check the spontaneous phy-

sical expressions of the happiness which welled up in the heart.

The wagons thundered over the way, taking us past fields of yellow golden-rod and through bright-colored autumn woods. Brown-eyed Susans and purple asters nodded to us from the hedges. We responded to nature's invitation to be happy, and voiced it in songs and laughter which echoed through the woods.

About eleven o'clock we reached the foot of the mountain, and forthwith began the ascent. The climb convinced us that Willis's is not so insignificant as it appears from a distance. One has a feeling of almost reverence for the little mountain when he remembers that once it towered thousands of feet above our Rockies, and for hundreds of years has been the unresisting target of the wind and rain.

Souvenirs in the forms of kodak pictures, bits of rock and plants were eagerly sought by the party.

The view itself rewards one amply for the energy expended in the climb. Around on every side are plains, partly forested, and dotted here and there with farm houses. But our eyes involuntarily wandered toward the west, where the domes of the Blue Ridge give a fit setting for so pretty a picture.

A call from the chaperone reminded us that the dinner hour had come. The descent was made quickly—possibly the end in view influenced our pace. After an hour or two spent in laughing, jesting and eating—especially eating—we climbed again to our places in the wagons and turned our faces toward Farmville.

The sun set, the stars came out, the moon rose, and we were still on the road. A stranger would hardly have believed this quiet party to be the same which started in such glee at eight in the morning. What has come over them? As they alight in front of the school you hear them say, "Oh, my foot!" "I can't stand up." "Please help me to the house! I'm so stiff!" No one lingered long over supper, but hurried up stairs to study (?). Why were so many absent from breakfast Sunday? Why was the attendance at Sunday school not so good as usual? Why the odor of liniment on the halls? Ask "Aunt Patty."

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS

Bread Pudding.—Soak scraps of stale bread in one quart of water, add one cup of sugar and two eggs, beaten well, then add one dozen raisins, one cup of preserves. Bake briskly for fear of evaporation, and serve while hot with black molasses for sauce.

Oyster Soup.—Take one big stout oyster, tie a long cord around his body, flop him around a dozen or more times in a large boiler of water, add one tablespoonful of butter and a pinch of salt; then serve. This you will find is very appetizing.

Hash.—Take scraps of beef left over from dinner, also meat skins and sausages; put in ten gallons of water, let it come to a boil; then add one quart of meal and scraps of bread. When it begins to thicken, take out, serve for breakfast or supper.

Caromel Pies.—Three cups of molasses, two cups of damson preserves, and one cup of sugar. Be sure to mix well; set in the sun for two hours. When it is taken in, you will find you have a delicious dessert.

Lemon Pies.—Take one quart of milk, add two quarts of water, then take the juice of three lemons, and the peelings of two; put in one cup of cornstarch, with one cup of sugar and two eggs. Flavor with a little violet water.

A CONVERSATION

"Look here, Ellen, is you hear talk ob de concert up on de hall de oder night? Lawd! nigger, you ain' know nothin! Dey kicked up de biggest racket in de wol'. Dey all dressed out—some mity fine—and some jes as black as you is, and dese won't dressed out so fine neither. Dey sho did carry on! Such dancin' and singin'! Dey danced up Fessional Hall, and had fo' trunks all shove up together for a stage, and dey git up an' den and dey dance an dey sing, and dey *try* to talk lak we does, and one dar dance jes lak a bar.

I ain't think 'twas much, noways, 'cause dey ain' charge but ten pins for eb'ry one what went, but dey sho mus' 'a had a heap ob pins, 'cause I never see sich a crowd in all my born days. Dey had good times, too. Dey danced and capered in de most ridiculous way—Lawd! ain't dat Mrs. Thackston callin' me?

"Good-bye, nigger, I'se gone now!"

THE VISIT OF THE LEGISLATORS

(Continued from first page.)

On going down the hall, one whose curiosity got the best of him, when noticing a water-spigot in the wall with no sink under it, stopped to investigate. He turned the knob—splash! The water came pouring over his shoes. How he did jump! He turned the water off, and darted around the corner! Little he knew of the eyes peeping at him over the banister from the floor above.

Thus the morning was spent. Dinner was served at 2 o'clock, and there were no afternoon classes, which freedom from duty gave flavor to the dinner, and even added sparkle to the wit of our guests. On leaving the dining-room the body went into the Assembly Hall, where, by special request, the students sang for the visitors.

Judge Watkins, who needed no introduction, then took charge. He first introduced Senator Sale, of Norfolk, "the man ever ready to hear the girls' plea," but to their disappointment, the "*delightful* man" spoke for himself before they were given an opportunity to speak for him.

Then came Senator Noel, of Lee county, the truthful man, "who said that the girls must be allowed the privilege of inviting their friends among the gentlemen to attend their germans, before he would vote for an appropriation. All knew with whom he had been talking. Her "little thoughts ran in the same path." Our President quickly replied that a german would be planned especially for the benefit of the legislators.

Next, Delegate Lewis, of Essex county, was introduced. "After their visit to the Lunatic Asylum, V. P. I. and S. N. S.," he said "that in his estimation the S. N. S. was as far above V. P. I. as V. P. I. was above the lunatic asylum."

According to Judge Watkins, Senator Shands, of Suffolk, notified him with a wink that he had something to say. Judge Watkins must have been right, for the senator, the gentleman from Suffolk, said it.

By this time the girls had reached the conclusion that Senator Sale was not exactly right when he said that the speakers had been left in Richmond, and that those who came were silent men. Our President expressed the attitude of the girls when he said that he had never seen them show such tip-toe interest.

It was now fast approaching train time. All said good-bye, with a wish that these friends might soon honor us with another visit. M. E. B. AND F. M. H.

P. S.—We must have made an impression. They have since granted us an appropriation of $55,000.

THE CATCH ALL

PUBLISHED "AS YOU LIKE IT"

WEATHER REPORT: Always Sunshine

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Ten pounds sterling, deep thought, with fifteen ounces of wit, humor and pathos.

In sending letters of business, don't waste your time by giving us your post-office address.

Anonymous communications will always find their way to the "Catch All."

EDITORIAL.

Behold in this work, O reader, an example of the power of tradition! Not for lust of gold, nor for the trappings of fame did we set about this Herculean task, but we wish to stray aside from the deep philosophy of school life and rise to the surface.

We take this opportunity to offer to you our first edition of the "Catch All, wherein may be found a report of the lighter happenings of our school life here.

If, perchance, this humble periodical that we submit to you please you not in all particulars, condemn us but mildly and gently. Consider, and be considerate.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

May 5.—Miss Ollie Beard announced at the dinner table today that if she failed to get her diploma she intended to run off to North Carolina and get married.

THE LAMENT OF A SPINSTER

With No Hope of Relief Even in Leap Year—Is Happy with Carry

A Letter from an Old Chum

"UTOPIA," Feb. 30, 1904.

MY DEAR MARY: That you shall have a letter all by your dear little self, but it is with a sad countenance that I write at all. Think of it! Two months of leap year gone, and I have accomplished nothing whatsoever in regard to the matrimonial problem.

I came home with the determination to "carpe diem," but just as fate decreed, it has not presented itself, and seems it never will.

My thoughts naturally turn to a picture on your dresser. Where is he (no name) now? I suppose he is ready to say of you what a maiden once said of a passing prince, "One look, then die."

My dear, you cannot imagine how much I miss you girls. I often think that the one aim of a girl's life up there is to graduate. Did she but know that memorable day may be classed among the saddest she has to experience! I do not mean it is not delightful to graduate, but parting with the dear teachers, girls and school days is a heavy cross to bear. It is so true that those days are filled with care-free happiness, but when they are over life becomes real and responsibilities become greater.

I am sure you will exclaim, "What burden has she to bear." Ha! Ha! I will readily answer: "None other than Carry."

Would you believe I have existed a month without her?

Perhaps you already know that she is substituting in a school about seven miles away.

(Continued on tenth page.)

WANTS

Any one wanting anything—the moon not excepted—should advertise in the "Catch All," and the want shall be gratified, provided you wait long enough.

WANTED.—To know where all the diamond rings come from, and if they mean anything.

POSITIONS.—Wanted by "the other five girls" at table No. 18, in a first-class opera troupe; have had rehearsals three times a day for three weeks on "Romeo," "Mr. Bob," "Who Got the Opera House," "Why the Wig Didn't Fit Alma," and numbers of others. Apply to No. 4.

WANTED.—A man or woman—anybody or anything—who can stop the Assembly Hall piano for a few minutes either night or day. Expense not to be considered. Apply to girls of Professional Hall.

WANTED.—Some spoons by means of which the water may be conveyed to our mouths after a rain.

BIG REWARD offered to any one who can find the man "Who Killed Cock Robin."

WANTED.—To lock up every man in Farmville who resists the pleadings of the business manager to buy an "Annual."

FOUND.—March 30, 1904, behind the door of the Psychology room Dr. Jones and Mr. Mattoon spooning. The unfortunate intruder very considerately fainted on the spot.

BIG REWARD offered to one who can see the point to the jokes in this "Annual."

WANTED.—To know if the Poster Club will meet at the short recess.

WANTED.—A *MAN* at any cost! No references asked for or desired. Address "Spinster," care State Normal.

WANTED.—A Chaperone for our Editor-in-Chief. It has required six business letters, four business calls, and innumerable business walks on Baptist Hill to arrange with the H.-S. Gymnasium Instructor the time for his Track Team Exhibition.

LOST, STRAYED, AND STOLEN

LOST.—On March 2, 1904, the members of the staff of the "Virginian" lost their heads. Finders may keep them; they are of no good to the owners.

LOST.—On March 16th, between Chappell's store and the postoffice, a heart. No reward offered, as it is a hopeless case.

LOST.—By Blanche G. three minutes on last Saturday. Two H.-S. boys passed, and she yielded to the intense desire to smile at them. In this way three golden moments were lost. Her diploma is the forfeit.

LOST.—Martin's Human Body. Finder please return to "Sarcolema," S. A., or if there is any difficulty in locating this, please return to Miss Sarah Goode.

LOST.—One golden hour, set with sixty ruby minutes, each inlaid with sixty pearl seconds. Finder please return to Peyton Harrison.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN!—From No. 4, Professional Hall, an article necessary to most girls, and known as a trunk. It contained a package of love letters tied with a shoe string, also a toothbrush and one overshoe. Finder please return to Miss Claudia Perkins.

P. S.—Please return the shoe string from around the love letters.

:: HELPFUL HINTS FOR YOUNG MEN ::

BY MR. SYMPATHY COUNSEL.

[Letters written on other than business paper will be discarded.]

DEAR MR. SYMPATHY: I am in love with a young lady, but she does not seem to care any more for me than she does for other young men. Can you tell me in your "Helpful Hints" how I can gain her favor?—EXPECTANT.

No doubt, my dear "Expectant," many of us have been confronted with the same question. I am afraid your manner is a little awkward in her presence. Do not sit on the edge of your chair, with your arms dangling, and look scared to death every time you speak.

DEAR MR. COUNSEL: Do young ladies consider it good taste for a young man to wear a red tie?—READER.

Girls like to wear red themselves, but when they see a young man with a red tie on, they immediately say that he has no taste for selecting ties.

DEAR MR. SYMPATHY: Do young ladies object to young men smoking in their presence?—JOHN W.

Young ladies seriously object to young men smoking in their presence. Besides their objecting, it is very impolite.

SPECIALS

WEATHER REPORT.

Forecast for State Normal School June 1st: Cold wave for spooners.

Processes going on in Senior B's brains shifting and variable.

Prospects of escorts for commencement unfavorable.

About ninety girls went to Richmond Easter on an excursion.

CHRISTMAS WEEK

Those who spent Christmas Week at the Normal School found it a very pleasant experience. The number of students was reduced from over three hundred to about ninety, and this secured for those remaining many privileges which could not be granted to all—such as permission to go down town whenever we wished it, or to sit up after ten o'clock if we were reading a specially good book, or had not investigated to our satisfaction the contents of a box to which we had been bidden.

We were given our mail three times a day instead of two, as usual, and in the air of mystery which so many packages gave to the mail bag, there was a fascination that none could resist. Every face, eager and expectant, greeted Mrs. Morrison as she mounted the rostrum and prepared to deal out the prizes.

Friday morning the dining-room presented a busy scene. If you had chanced to look in any time during the forenoon you would have seen nimble fingers twining and hanging wreaths, or arranging potted plants, and no doubt you would have been called on to drive a nail or hunt a string. No idlers were allowed.

Dinner was served at four o'clock, and we found spread before us a dinner such as we had pictured to ourselves when we read Washington Irving's "Christmas Dinner." It was a time when all ate, drank and made merry.

On Saturday ten pairs of bright eyes could be seen dancing under ten demure little white caps, and the astonished visitor was admitted by a maiden whose only response to her usual friendly greeting was to show her into the parlor. Later on she might have discovered that the servants had been given a holiday.

Monday evening found the entire first floor again tastefully decorated with ferns

and other evergreens. A programme, consisting mostly of music, was rendered from eight till ten, and we realized more fully than ever that "music hath charms," and could not help but congratulate ourselves that we were here at this time.

The rest of the time was spent in visiting, walking, and other pleasant occupations. By Tuesday the tide of girls which had flowed on December 23rd began to ebb, and such sounds as, "I had the best time," and "Oh, I wish I were to-night where I was this time last week," echoed down the halls for many days afterwards.

ADVERTISEMENTS

CANDY FOR SALE!

Room 52, Third Floor

Ladies' Matrimonial Agency

Open June, July, & August

50 BEAUTIFUL —YOUNG— GRADUATES 50

Furnished on 1 Day's Notice!

Address all communications to
MISS ELIZABETH COBBS,
Manager

Rat Killer!

Excellent Preparation for the Destruction of

RATS

Will be especially effective in Room 42, "Spook Alley"

PREPARED BY

AB-NORMAL GIRLS

AND

SOLD EVERYWHERE

At $1.00 a Package

AN UNROMANTIC ROMANCE

A Story of Love and Devotion vs. Parental Obstinacy and Objection

How a Young Heiress Sacrificed Her Inheritance to Have Own Way

Roberta Lee was decidedly the wealthiest, prettiest and most attractive young lady in the town of Charlottesville, Virginia. Some one expressed it, though, when he said, "Capt. Lee expects Roberta to win another fortune for the family when she marries."

This surely proved true, when Roberta announced to her father that of all her admirers, she loved none but Ernest White, a very promising young man, with an income of a thousand dollars. The Captain was mortified to know that his only daughter should marry such a *worthless* young man. He argued, he pleaded, and eventually he threatened. But alas! it amounted to nothing. Roberta was determined to have her own way, regardless of parents. After the Captain saw he could do nothing, he ceased all expressions of opposition, but disinherited his daughter, saying he would rather the half million dollars she would have had should be thrown away than for Ernest White to have any of it.

The self-willed Roberta and Ernest were married June 30, 1846, and moved to a town in the northern part of Virginia. Mr. White was a man in the highest sense of the word, and did all in his power for the pleasure and good of his wife, whom he loved better than he did his own life. The first ten years of their married life were very happy ones. During this time their home had been brightened by four children, the oldest of whom was a girl, Florence.

But try as he would, Mr. White could not meet all the expenses of the extravagant life they were living. He insisted that they must live on a smaller scale, but his wife said, "Oh, no, I have always been accustomed to living in the best of houses, driving the prettiest horses and wearing the handsomest clothes, and I am going to keep it up."

She insisted that Florence have the finest clothes and give the grandest reception of anyone in town.

Mr. White put forth every effort to gratify his wife's desires, but he realized that there must soon be a stop to it. In later years she always attended receptions and theatres without her husband, he being worn out with the worry and anxiety of financial matters. Things went on thus for a while, but the crash came when Mr. White was taken ill and lost his position.

When he recovered, they realized their situation. Florence, always devoted to her father, ventured to write to her grandfather Lee and ask him to help them financially. Her letter received no reply, and the day finally came when house, furniture, and carriages had to be sold for debts.

They moved into a cottage, but Mrs. White said she could not stand the disgrace, so, after much consultation, they decided to move West, where Mr. White bought a farm, and where Mrs. White, as she expressed it, could "bury herself alive."

The fresh air and change of climate proved very beneficial to Mr. White's health, and he lost the tired, care-worn look which he brought with him from the busy eastern coast. Florence was her father's constant companion, and was always ready to help and comfort him.

She and the boys were delighted with the ranch life. They liked the large herds of cattle, the little broncho ponies, and the broad fields of waving grain. Mrs. White also seemed fairly well contented, although she frequently longed to see her Virginia friends, and wrote very often to some of them. She wrote especially often to Professor James, a young teacher in a school in the town from which they had moved. Professor James had taught Florence music the year before they came West, and was very anxious to have her come back to Virginia and finish her education. Florence, however, detested the idea, and while her mother insisted, Mr White said firmly she should not be made to go. In fact, so anxious was the professor to have his way in the matter that he visited the Whites in their western home. It was rather amusing the *length of time* this young professor staid on this *business* trip. He, of course, won great favor with Mrs. White, and it pleased her to see him give Florence so much of his attention, for she greatly desired the company of any one wealthy, and Professor James had plenty of money. However, before he left for Virginia, it was, so to speak, *announced* to Florence that she was engaged to Mr. James. She, in her childish way, said that when she grew up she supposed she would marry, and since her mother wished it, she would love the professor.

Time went on; Florence wrote regularly to her suitor. He sent her lovely gifts, which greatly pleased the vain mother. But no power could prevail upon Florence to go back to Virginia for school. She loved her pony and the ranch too well for that.

One day while out on the ranch—it was April 13, 1864—she noticed in the distance a figure lying on the grass. Florence fearlessly rode up to it, and at once recognized it to be a wounded Confederate soldier. She rode home rapidly, and her father, who had a large Southern heart, went at once to bring this young man to his home.

After a few days' treatment the patient got much better. His name was Jack Houston, and had gotten away from the Federal army, by whom he had been captured. Jack had been a student at West Point, and was of splendid parentage. Florence found in him a very interesting companion. She loved for him to tell stories of his boyhood days, or interesting happenings of the war; then, too, she found great pleasure in reading to him before he was well enough to be out. His family were soon notified as to his whereabouts, and sent Jack money to come home. Mrs. White disliked him very much, and often spoke of him as "the straggler." To be frank, Jack was almost sorry when he was well enough to stand the trip home. There was some one else who hated for him to go.

At last the day came for Jack Houston to leave for his home in Georgia. You would never have known him as the wounded soldier Florence found, for now his cheeks were ruddy, his form straight and tall, and his large brown eyes more beautiful than ever.

The morning of his departure, when he and Florence were in the sitting room alone, he placed his beautiful diamond ring on her hand, and each was promising to ever be true to the other—when in walked Mrs. White!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LUCY MANSON.

NEW METHOD

May 2.—Miss McChesney, teaching denominate numbers: "All those who got that example right hold up your feet."

THE LAMENT OF A SPINSTER

(Continued from page four.)

Although she stays only from Monday morning to Friday afternoon, the separation is painfully long to us.

We are going to give the play "Spinster's Return," sequel to "Old Maid's Convention," in about three weeks. It will be extremely comical, especially the gaudy costumes. Notwithstanding our vote and vehemence to the contrary, we return with husbands of every description. It is glorious. Altho' it is but for a few moments, I will be enjoying the felicity that some old maids are denied for a life time.

My dear, my nervous system received the severest test it could several weeks ago.

One sleety Sunday when we were at a Methodist Church, and I was leaving the aisle, I met "*him.*" We spoke, as a matter of course.

As I was descending the slippery steps to go to our carriage, which was standing a few yards away, *he* very gallantly offered to assist me, when lo! both of his feet slipped from under him, and he took a very hard sudden seat. I glanced at him only to see his dainty oxfords beating madly about in the air, and flew to another's extended arms. I crammed myself as far back in the carriage as the seat would allow me. As we drove away, I simply exploded. So much shattered was I, in fact, I could not tell Carry about it until we were nearly home. All this was long ago. The sleet has melted, so has my *heart.*

But these flames are burning low now. Nothing but embers and ashes are left. This business is "laid on the table" until April Fool's Day of next leap year. I suppose my epitaph will be, "In single blessedness she lived, and in same did die."

As the reveries of an old maid have come to such an important juncture, I will close.

Please, dear, answer soon, for I always welcome your letters. It is just like having a quiet (?) chat with you—something like one we had on a walk one afternoon. I am sure you remember the topic of our conversation.

Just give packs of love to all the girls, teachers and training school children. Try to make "Lazy Bones" industrious, and Bettie P. less (?) particular.

Remember your promise to visit me next summer, and be sure and bring "Jense" with you.

With best love, I am,

Very fondly,

Bess.

EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!

May 10.—Miss Lottie Snead visited the training school to-day.

The Interesting Things That Happen

Every Friday and Sunday nights the parlor is filled with girls and their little "cupids." Sometimes there are so many couples that the Assembly Hall is opened up.

* * *

The Glee Club gave a very entertaining programme to the school one Tuesday night. Some special features of the evening are well remembered.

* * *

The January class was given a reception the night they received their diplomas. A very pleasant evening was spent by all. After the invited guests partook of refreshments, the girls from the lower classes were allowed to go in. They gladly ate every scrap remaining. The Senior A's assisted in receiving, and felt quite proud that they would soon be Senior B's.

Social Column

The ladies of the Episcopal Church gave their girls a very enjoyable evening in the gymnasium. The girls were dressed in fancy costumes.

* * *

Where the little people live there is always happiness. So it seemed the night the Baptist Church entertained their girls in the kindergarten rooms. The girls pretended they were little folks, and had a *jolly time* playing games.

* * *

The Presbyterian girls were entertained in the lecture-room of that church with a literary party. Each girl was requested to represent the title of some book. Many of the costumes were very cleverly designed. The evening was so much enjoyed that every girl in school wished she had been a Presbyterian for that night.

* * *

Many and varied were the midnight feasts for which a girl put in her money and pulled a great deal of fun, which consisted equally of a very uneasy feeling that she might get caught and be "sat upon." And also a fear that she might not get caught and have the pleasure of running at full speed through the corridors from the faithful matron. It is an exquisite pleasure—that of getting into bed with shoes on, and when the monitor comes around to be sleeping sweetly and soundly. These are only a few of the pleasures of a midnight feast. Fun? Well, I should say so!

A german club? Why, yes, of course we have a german club. An exquisite german was given in the gymnasium, which was highly decorated with wands, Indian clubs and dumb bells especially for this occasion. The ladies were dressed in evening gowns, and the "young men" in black suits. Many and beautiful were the figures formed by the couples. These were enjoyed not only by the dancers, but also by a gallery full of guests. This german is soon to be followed by a colonial ball. The date for the ball has been postponed, but we shall have it some day—never mind! have patience!

* * *

Soon after the arrival of the new girls in September the Y. W. C. A. gave a reception. Everybody was invited, and requested to come dressed in tacky style—a very hard thing to do! The Assembly Hall was crowded by teachers and students. Music and recitations were given for entertainment. Mrs. Morrison added considerably to the evening when she asked all into the dining-room, where they were served with delicious refreshments. Not a single apple, cake or piece of candy was taken from that room tucked nicely away in a handkerchief or blouse(?)! Everybody marched around the room before the critical eyes of three judges. Mr. Jones was declared the "tackiest" in the room, and was awarded a stick of candy.

* * *

Several trips were made to Hampden-Sidney ball games and celebrations. The first was enjoyed during a very heavy rain, but this only added to the excitement of the adventure. The second time a carriage full of girls went off first and waited patiently for their companions. But where were they? Sitting in the middle of the big road! Their little game

was to walk five miles back home because of a broken wagon. The January class, with some of their friends, went out to see the sights of Hampden-Sidney. They were royally entertained. The boys were so loath to see them leave that they fastened a door to detain them a little while longer, and when at last the girls started home they clung to the wagons to bid a *last* farewell. A half dozen girls enjoyed a few *days* on the Hill. Easter Monday another chance was given to the girls to take a peep at this ancient seat of learning in Virginia

NORMAL NOTES

The last meeting of the Senior Seminar was held in the Library Monday evening, May 23. The question for debate was: Resolved, That the law which allows graduates of the State Normal School to marry before they have taught two years should be abolished.

The debaters handled the question with ability and humor, and intense interest was manifested by all those present. Although it was conceded by all that two years was a long time to "wait," the debate was decided in favor of the affirmative by the judges, Miss Woodruff, Mr. Jarman and Mr. Jones.

Thursday morning, May 19, a mass meeting of the students of the State Normal School was held in the Assembly Hall, in the interest of the Y. W. C. A. building fund.

A number of short talks were made showing what has been done for this cause and the need of the building. At the close of the meeting twelve hundred dollars was pledged by the students. In five years it is expected that this building, costing $10,000, will be erected, another witness of what the Y. W. C. A. can do and is doing.

The second annual celebration of May Day by the Training School was enjoyed by an immense crowd of interested parents and friends. The programme was delightful in every way; the merry spring songs by the fresh young voices, the poems of blithe May, the perfect wand drill, the coronation of dainty little Clara King as Queen of May, and the graceful Maypole dance,—all were most heartily applauded by an audience which seemed to have caught the beautiful happy spirit of their little entertainers. The supervisors, Misses Woodruff, Haliburton and Dunn, assisted by Misses Hills and Freeborn and the enthusiastic seniors, have the grateful appreciation of all who love a gladsome sight. — Richmond Dispatch.

Many were the good things that were gotten at school this year by the girls. The following are the names of girls who got from one to six boxes during the year:

Jessie Aitcherson, Ella Brooks, Sadie Bird, Virginia Boyd, Julia Cutchins, May Curtis, Grace Cooley, Lennie Clemmer, Annie Clay, Maria Cocke, Jennie Crigler, Mary Lou Campbell, Sallie Davis, Effie Dunn, Ethel Deal, Carrie Dungan, Theodosia DeBaun, Florence Edwards, Mary Ewell, Louise Farinholtz, Jessie Finke, Marguerite Farish, Nannie Fox, Eleanor Jamison, Kathleen Jennings, Mabel Grossclose, Mary Glasgow, Annie Henderson, Brenda Hatcher, Ella Hahn, Fannie Hodnett, Hattie Hudson, Jemima Hurt, Lucy Hiner, Mary V. Holmes, Mary and Ella Hiner, Olive Hinman, Pearle Hitt, Pearle Hunt, Sue Hales, Virgie Irvine, Blanche Johnson, Hattie Kelley, Ellen Lee, Gertrude Ligon, Fannie Marston, Ida Martin, Nellie Morehead, Rebecca Mann, Virginia Mayes, Ellen Painter, Kathleen Price, Katherine Perry, Sallie Payne, Katherine Robinson, Mary Rhodes, Bettie Price Starling, Evelyn Thirk, Etta Sampson.

The Smoke Stack

THE Staff's orders were brief: "That Smoke Stack of ours must have *some* excuse for *being*. Find out what it is and report to the Annual upon penalty of separation from Bessie." That was seven weeks ago; since that time I have *lived* on that stack—no, not literally, of course, so don't picture me as sitting at that extreme elevation. Some writer has said something about our existing where our thoughts are; that is what I mean.

This vigilance and concentration of thought, however, has not been due to any effort on my part, but to the zeal of the Staff. Each member has seemingly made it her duty to remind me, hourly, of my task.

Well, I studied that stack; I viewed it from every point; I tried to detect some hidden mission that it might have, other than to be incongruously out of proportion with the rest of the building. Then I began to regard the towering, smoky mass with suspicion. It was there, and it was presumably there for some purpose. That purpose was concealed from the general public; therefore, it must be underhand, unworthy of my attention. I righteously resolved to have no more to do with it, but the Staff had no respect for my conscientious scruples. According to their august way of thinking, that smoke stack was worthy of careful consideration. Their original proposition was revised thus: Since there is nothing to admire in it, criticise it. I meekly assented.

Now I saw with new eyes. Whereas I had looked for the good, I was now permitted to see the bad. I set about my task with cold-blooded enjoyment, for I had developed a feeling of real animosity. Then I found human nature gives one good thing to even the meanest—a certain leniency in dealing with the helpless. Somehow that smoke stack, great, towering as it was, seemed suddenly to assume an air of real modesty. It was so inoffensive, so retiring, that there was something really appealing about it. For the first time, also, I realized its purpose—the good it does by carrying off all that black smoke from our furnace. Why! that stack was actually doing what great men have done, and failed to do—it keeps burning the "fires of civilization." And—it were a

lesson to us—day by day, regardless of inappreciation and criticism, it continues to do its duty. But criticism was ever the price of greatness.

Once having the veil lifted from my eyes, I did not refuse to see. I began to feel for it a respect not unmixed with awe. Now, rather than say one harsh word about it, I would face a whole army of Staff members. I did—and the army won.

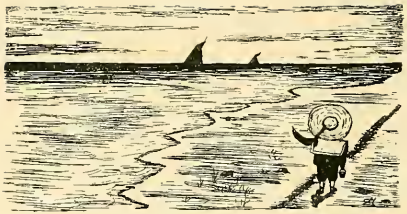
Thus, not from any desire on my part, I again found myself staring contemplatively at that smoke stack. I tried to sound its bottomless depths, to probe to its heart—for I was to learn its private history. I could not do it. Perhaps it was because, possessing the uninquiring mind of a girl, I had no instinct to guide me. Then I remembered, "History leaves its landmarks." In the now dim light I examined each separate brick, but could find no record written there. Then at last my latent conscience was aroused. Was there any justification for such inordinate curiosity? Had I a right to pry into the secret thoughts of a mysterious being? No, my very soul revolted at the thought; I ceased to search, determined to elope, if the Staff remained obdurate.

But before I could turn, I became enveloped in a soft mist, which surged gently on from all sides. Yet I was not frightened, for I opened my eyes, and it was, I thought—smoke. Then I heard a voice as from a great distance; and the mist began to take shape. This, too, seemed perfectly natural, for now I seemed always to have known it to be the breath of some creature within. * * * The voice is nearer—now audible: "Fool!" it is saying, "little fool, you have learned slowly, but perhaps well. Interfere not hereafter with what concerns you not; use not your pen against defenceless beings; try not to learn mysteries withheld from you, but"—and the voice grew softer—"I forgive you, for you were driven to it."

And I knew from the gentle touch, the soft caress, that I *was* forgiven.

Rochet M. McKinney.

KODAK PICTURES



SORORITIES

Zeta Tau Alpha Fraternity

Alpha Chapter

Established 1898. Chartered 1902

Roll of Chapters

Alpha	State Normal School
Beta	Sub Rosa
Gamma	Hannah Moore Academy
Delta	Randolph-Macon Woman's College
Epsilon	University of Arkansas

Colors: Turquoise Blue and Steel Gray. Flower: Double White Violet.

In Urbe

Edith Brent Duvall — Hattie King Bugg
Clair Woodruff — Carrie Llewellyn Kyle
Mrs. Walker Scott

In Collegio

Julia Drew Palmer — Mary Claudia Perkins
Mary Elizabeth Herbert — Georgie May Miller
Emma Lawson Waring — Olive May Hinman
Jessie Evers Whitmore — Janie May Crute
Elizabeth Windsor King — Ada Emerson Miller
Lila Waller DuVal

Biennial Convention, Lynchburg, Va., June 6-9, 1904.

Delegates: Clair Woodruff, Olive Hinman

SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA FRATERNITY

Alpha Sigma Alpha Fraternity

Chartered during the Session of 1902-03.

Colors: Silver and Crimson Flower: White Carnation

Alpha Chapter

Sorores in Urbe

Juliette Jefferson Hundley Grace Macon Wilson

Calva Hampton Watson Mary Elizabeth Moore

Sorores in Collegio

Virginia Lee Boyd Mattie Monterey Thomas

Louise Burks Cox Angela Carroll Tinsley

Hattie Virginia Kelly Alma Estelle Thraves

Katherine Earl Boyd May Williamson Hundley

Chapters

Alpha Chapter.....State Normal School, Farmville, Va.

Beta Chapter.....Lewisburg Female Seminary, Lewisburg, Va.

Gamma Chapter.....Sub Rosa

ALPHA SIGMA ALPHA FRATERNITY

Chi X

Established 1900

A fraternity of fraternities, composed of members of the three fraternities,
Kappa Delta
Sigma Sigma Sigma
Zeta Tau Alpha

K
Δ

Yell:

Sis bum bi!
Chi! Chi!
Tiger!

Claudia Perkins
Jayne Crute

X

Steele Buchanan
Lucy Brooke

Annual Reception
to the
three fraternities
December 13, 1903

ZTA

Mary Powers
Etta Sampson

ΣΣΣ

Sarah Goode
Janie Crute
Hattie Kelly
Jessie Whitmore

Katharine Jennings
Claudia Perkins
Louise Cox
Ruth Schmelz
Calva Watson

Fraternity Girls

Frances Wolfe

Marguerite Williams

Claudia Perkins

Miss Helen Blackiston
Jessie Whitmore
Annie Pierce
Mary Lou Campbell

Miss Natalie Lancaster
Louise Vaughn

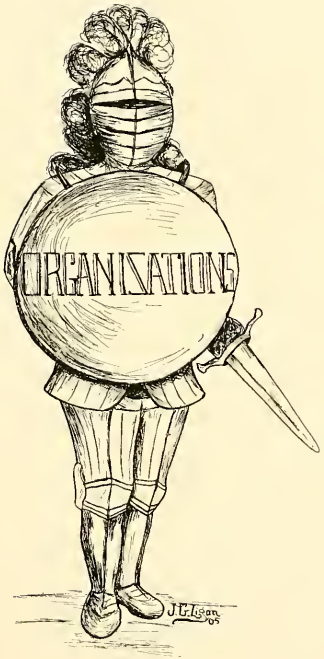
Janie Crute
Edith Duval
Sarah Goode
Angelia Tinsley

Lucy Brooke
Katherine Jennings

Miss Jennie Tabb
Mattie Thomas

Olive Hinman

Mrs. Portia Lee Morrison


ORGANISATIONS
J.T.Egan
05

Y. W. C. A.
Lucy Brooke,
President
Susie Muse,
Vice-President
Bernie Smith,
Recording Secretary
Henrietta Dunlap,
Corresponding Sec'y
Lois Watkins,
Treasurer
"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

Y. W. C. A.

OUR YOUNG Women's Christian Association for this year has been very successful, and we feel that much good has been done. Not only have the girls, who have never had the advantages of an Association before, shown great interest, but also many of our girls of last year, who were seemingly indifferent, have become members and taken active part in the meetings.

A number of committees necessary for carrying on the work brings a large number of girls into close union with the Association, and deepens their interest by making them feel necessary to the success of the organization.

The regular meetings, which are held at five o'clock on Saturday evening, are very instructive, as well as entertaining. The programmes are carefully planned by the Devotional Committee, and often special music is furnished by the Committee on Music.

The many influences of the Y. W. C. A. in the religious life of the school show what this work has accomplished.

Some of the leading members of the Association came early in the beginning of the session in order to welcome the new girls, and to try to make their school life begin pleasantly.

Other good work is done through the Bible classes, taught by the girls on Sunday afternoon, also by the Mission Study Class, which is conducted by several members of the faculty. Both of these branches of Bible study have proved very instructive.

The prayer meeting, attended only by the students, and held after study hour on Wednesday night, is a source of great help; coming, as it does in the middle of the week when we are busy, and often discouraged, we always feel that we are spiritually strengthened and encouraged by these little prayer meetings. By the great interest shown by our new president and cabinet, we feel that this work is beginning anew.

There are on the roll about two hundred and sixty members, one hundred and thirty of which have been added this year.

Last year our school was represented at the summer conference in Asheville by a delegation of eight, including two faculty members. The Association bore the expenses of only one of these. We intend to be represented again this year.

Cunningham Literary Society

Mary Powers,
President.
Frances Wolfe,
Vice-President.
Clair Woodruff,
Secretary.
Lizzie James,
Treasurer.

"Carpe Diem"

19 03

CUNNINGHAM CARPE 1903 DIEM LITERARY SOCIETY

Clara Sanderlin,
Censor.
Zadie Smith,
Critic.
Frances Wolfe,
Olive Hinman,
Lucy Anderson,
Executive Committee.

Colors:
White and Green

Flower:
White Carnation

Honorary

Mr. B. M. Cox
Mr. E. E. Jones
Dr. O. B. Sears
Miss S. G. Patteson
Miss Minnie Rice

Charter

Claudia Perkins
Bessie McGeorge
Clara Sanderlin
Etta Sampson
Lucy Anderson
Jessie Aitcheson
Amelia Harrison
Sallie Davis
Martha Cunningham
Bessie Curtis
Julia Massey
Ellen Lee
Olive Hinman
Jessie Whitmore
Annie L. Stigleman
Cora Kay
Carrie Sutherlin
Pattie L. Jones
Carrie McGeorge
Clair Woodruff

JOHN A. CUNNINGHAM, LL. D.

Members

Mrs. Portia L. Morrison
Miss Virginia Reynolds
Miss Lula O. Andrews
Miss Fannie W. Dunn

Members

Edith Dickey
Anne Richardson
Elizabeth Richardson
Ethel Topping
Lizzie James
Elizabeth Cobbs
Pauline Phillips
Maud Mason
Susie Ford
Frances Wolfe
Lila Du Val
Mary Powers
Zadie Smith
Scotia Starke
Bertie Stone
Calva Watson
Courtney Taylor
Mary Ford
Alice Ware

Later Members

Mary Scofield
Eleanor Abbitt
Mary Herbert
Ollie Beard
Edna Cox
Mary McChesney
Mattie Thomas
Sallie Cox
Sue Muse
Bevie Cox
Ellen Painter
Merle Abbitt
Jessie Dey
Vernie Blankenship

The Argus Literary Society

This society was organized in the State Female Normal School, Farmville, Virginia, November 21, 1904.

Founders

Janie Crute
Mary Lou Campbell
Sarah Goode
Katherine Grayson
Hannah Paxton
Lucy Stearnes
Louise Vaughan

Colors: Gray and Green.
Flowers: White Rose and Smilax.
Motto: "To see the better, my dear!"

Officers

Katherine Grayson, *President*
Nellie Smithey, *Vice-President*
Louise Vaughan, *Secretary*
Jessie Finke, *Treasurer*
Janie Crute, *Critic*
Alma Thraves, *Censor*

Members

Florida Ashby
Ella Brooke
Lucy Brooke
Mary Lou Campbell
Hattie Bugg
Nellie Ingram
Katherine Grayson
Rochet McKinney
Mildred Evans
Bruce Morton
Georgie Miller
Fannie Hodnett
Bernie Smith
Minnie Thomason
Betsy Lemon
Lucy Manson
Sallie Goggin
Sarah Goode
Hannah Paxton
Lucy Stearnes
Jessie Finke
Susie Hales
Mary Virginia Homes
Katherine Jennings
Dorothy Stone
Alma Thraves
Carrie Martin
Lucy Rice
Hannah Martin
Florence Ingram
Janie Crute
Henrietta Dunlap
Mrs. Mildred Fosque
Steptoe Campbell
Louise Vaughan
Lucy McCraw
Lucy Chrisman
Jemima Hurt
Nellie Smithey
Mary Clay Hiner
Mary Watkins
Mary Sue Moore
Bessie McCraw
Mary Coleman
Stella Nelson
Annie Henderson
Bessie Wade
Carrie Kyle
Elizabeth Redd
Ada Miller

Honorary Members

Mr. and Mrs. Jarman
Miss Andrews
Miss Alleen Andrews
Miss Coulling
Miss London
Miss Dunn
Miss Kinzer
Miss Reynolds
Mr. Elmer E. Jones

To Mrs. Morrison

To thee, most faithful and most true,
We bring our homage lovingly,
With hearts too full to half express
The gratitude we would profess.

Long hast thou guarded jealously
The trust placed in thy worthy hands—
Long sought a mother's part to play
With anxious care, from day to day.

Thy loving efforts cannot be
Unnoticed by the One above,
Though we have been too blind to see
The good that came to us from thee.

Oh, not in words may gratitude
Be truly shown, but in our lives;
Yea, we shall carry on our way
Far more of good than words can say.

1904

Tennis Club

Alma Thraves, *President*

Janie Crute, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Bernie Smith
Lucy McCraw
Carrie Kyle
Sallie Miller
Lois Leonard
Grace Hurst
Carrie Johnson
Ada Miller
Steptoe Campbell
Emma Waring
Dorothy Rogers
Marie Day
Mollie Byerly
Bruce Morton
Ella Burger
Gertrude Ligon
Nettie Dunlap
Ella Hahn
Annie Henderson
Fannie Wolfe
Marguerite Williams
Selma Butler
Georgie Newby
Jessie Whitmore
Lucy Brooke
Susie Ford
Anna Jolliffe
Hattie Paulette
Helen Leason
Elizabeth King
Clair Woodruff
Hattie Crute
Hattie Kelly
Mamie Duncan
Betsy Lemon
Fannie Marston
Mary Young
Julia Palmer
Ella Brooke
Zaidee Smith
Claudia Perkins
Susie Ford
Blanche Armstead
Lucy Stearnes
Carrie Mason

TENNIS CLUB

Basket Ball

CHAMPIONS.

COLORS: Orange and Black
MOTTO: "Root, little pig or die."
AIM: To pull the most plums out of the pudding.

YELL: Whoop, hurrah!
Whoop, hurrah!
Who are we?
Champions! Champions!
Ha! Ha! don't you see, rah!!

SPARTANS.

COLORS: Dust Color and Blood Red.
MOTTO: "Perseverance against opposition."
AIM: The Basket.

YELL: Hulabaloo, Ka-lack-ka-loo,
Who are we and who are you?
Got you guessing one and all.
Spartans! Spartans!
Basket Ball!

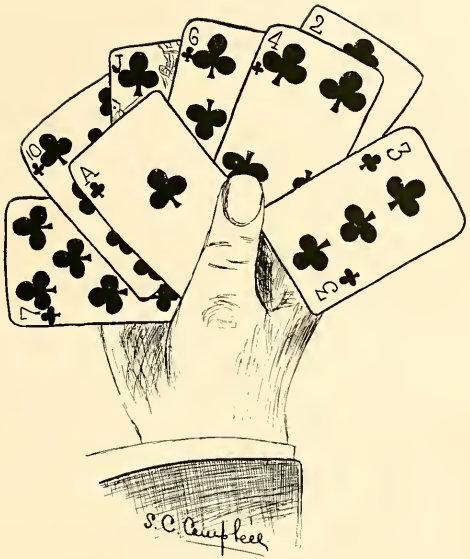
UMPIRE: MISS HILLS.

CHAMPIONS.

CAPTAIN—ANNA JOLIFFE
CENTRE—ANNA JOLIFFE
RIGHT FORWARD—GRACE WALTON
LEFT FORWARD—MARGARET BURBANK
RIGHT GUARD—LUCY MANSON
LEFT GUARD—JULIA MASSEY
SUBSTITUTE—ELIZABETH CURTIS

SPARTANS.

CAPTAIN—LUCY ANDERSON
CENTRE—LUCY ANDERSON
RIGHT FORWARD—CORLOTTA LEWIS
LEFT FORWARD—EUGENIA WAMBERSIE
RIGHT GUARD—LOCKET WALTON
LEFT GUARD—BETTIE PRICE STARLING
SUBSTITUTE—MARCH EDMUNDS


S. C. Clayfield

Glee Club

"Ring, ring de banjo!
I lub dat good old song!"

DIRECTOR: MISS ANDREWS.

First Sopranos.

MAUD ANDERSON
SUE HALES
MARY POWERS
LOIS LEONARD
BYRD KING
HATTIE PAULETT
EDITH DUVALL
MISS LANCASTER
MRS. TUGGLE
MISS ROBBIE BERKELEY

Second Sopranos.

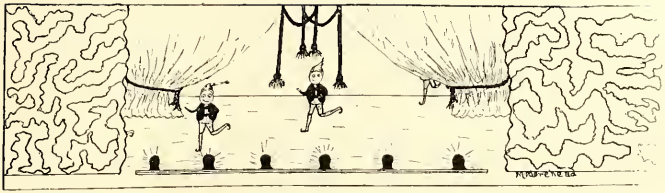
HATTIE BUGG
CARRIE KYLE
ANNE RICHARDSON
LELIA JACKSON
MINNIE BLANTON
VERNIE BLANKENSHIP
MISS ALLEEN ANDREWS

First Altos.

DOROTHY STONE
MAUD MASON
MABEL GROSSCLOSE
BESSIE JUSTIS
ALICE PAULETT
JANET DUVALL

Second Altos.

MARY BALDWIN
MARY COLEMAN
MARY FORD
VIVIAN BOISSEAU
JANIE CRUTE
BESSIE NOEL
MISS WOODRUFF



Dramatic Club

Director: Miss Redd.

General Manager: Alma Thraves.

Business Manager: Louise Vaughan.

Members

Ella Brooke
Alma Thraves
Mattie Thomas
Fannie Marston
Claudia Perkins
Luciphine Everett
Sue Hales
Sadie Byrd
Sarah Goode
Emma Waring
Mary Coleman
Jessie Whitmore
Gertrude Griffin
Eleanor Abritt
Effie Dunn
Mary Powers
Mary Holmes
Alberta James
Angela Tinsley
Louise Cox
Carrie Johnson
Louise Vaughan
Fannie Hodnett

The German Club

ALMA E. THRAVES . . . . . *Leader*

JANIF M. CRUTE . . . . . *Assistant Leader*

ELLA A. BROOKE . . . . . *Secretary and Treasurer*

CLAUDIA PERKINS
ALMA THRAVES
ELLA BROOKE
ANGELA TINSLEY
JESSIE WHITMORE
EMMA WARING
VIRGINIA BOYD
ETTA SAMPSON
ANNE RICHARDSON
JULIA MASSEY
FANNIE MARSTON
MARGARET WILLIAMS
BRUCE MORTON
CARRIE SUTHERLIN
KATHLEEN PRICE
BESSIE VERSER

CLAIR WOODRUFF
ADA MILLER
LUCY BROOKE
LOUISE COX
KATHARINE HARKOWER
LOUISE VAUGHAN
MARY LOU CAMPBELL
MARY POWERS
HATTIE KELLY
BESSIE CURTIS
FANNIE WOLFE
LUCY STEARNES
LUCY MANSON
MARCH EDMONDS
VIVIAN BOISSEAU
ALBERTA JAMES

JANIE CRUTE
GEORGIE MILLER
KATHARINE JENNINGS
SARAH GOODE
EUGENIA WAMBERSIE
STELLA NELSON
ELLEN LEE
SUE HALES
MATTIE THOMAS
MARY V. HOLMES
MERLE ABBITT
LOIS LENARD
STEELE BUCHANAN
CALVA WATSON
KATE VERSER
EFFIE DUNN

Archery Club

Colors : Turf-Green and White

Our Aim in Life : The Bull's Eye

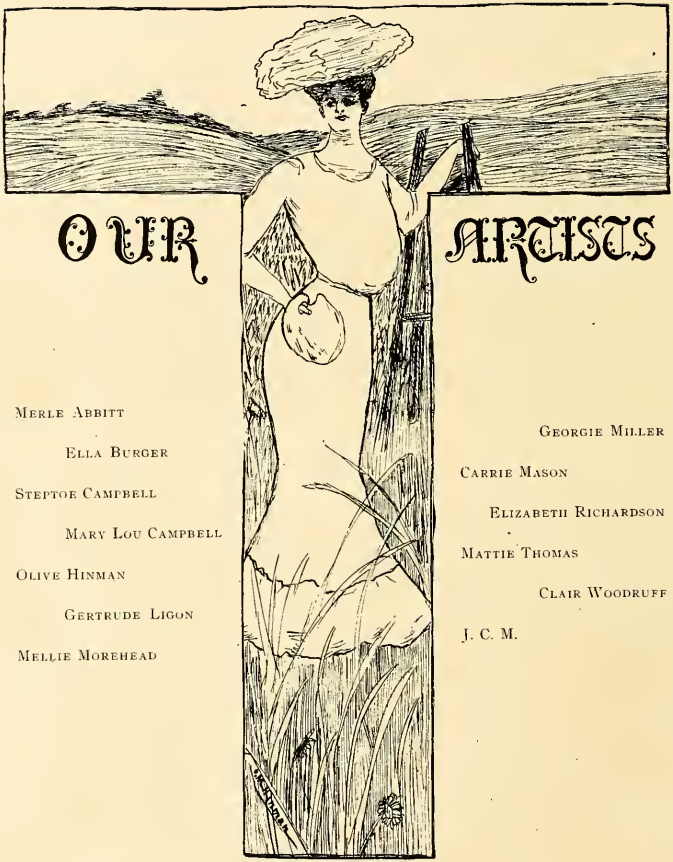
Mr. E. E. Jones,
President

Olive Hinman,
Secretary and Treasurer

Archers

Elmer E. Jones, Natalie Lancaster, Lula O. Andrews, Rhea Scott, Aileen Andrews, Etta Sampson, J. Chester Mattoon,

Clair Woodruff, Stella Nelson, Helen Leason, Lucy Manson, Olive Hinman, Mary Lou Campbell



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Steptoe Campbell

Mary Lou Campbell

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Gertrude Ligon

Mellie Morehead

Georgie Miller

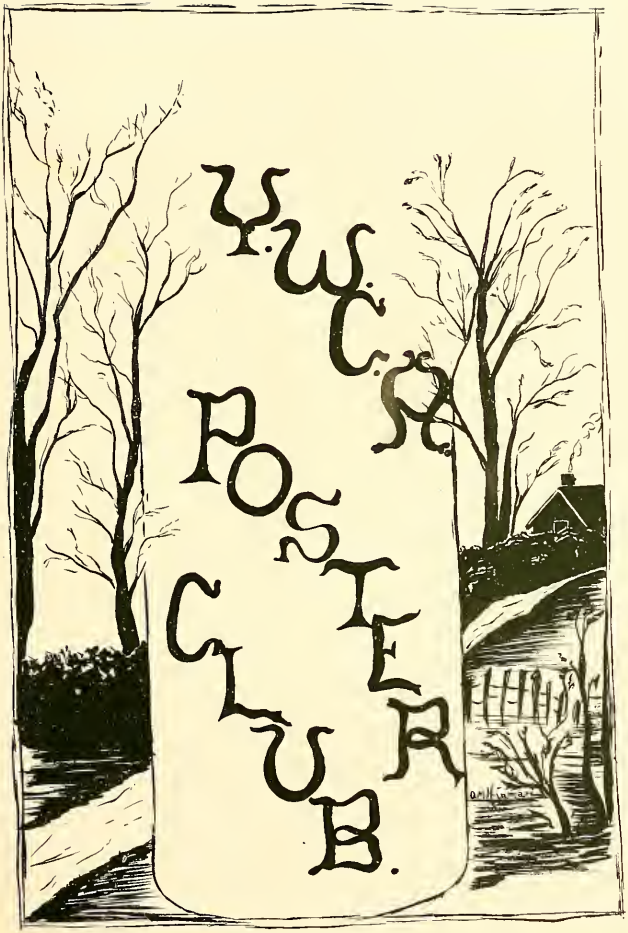
Carrie Mason

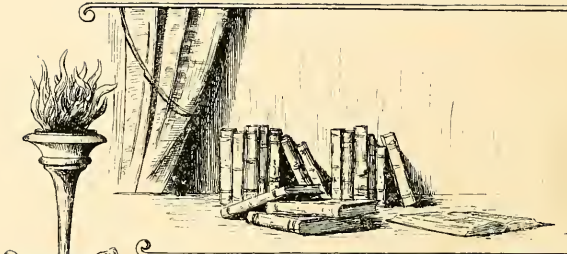
Elizabeth Richardson

Mattie Thomas

Clair Woodruff

J. C. M.


Y.W.C.A.
POSTER
CLUB.



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Carrie Martin — Fannie Hodnett

Executive Committee for March

Mary McChesney, *Chairman*

Etta Sampson — Lucy Chrisman

Executive Committee for April

Lucy Stearnes, *Chairman*

Bettie Murfee — Mary Lou Campbell

Executive Committee for May

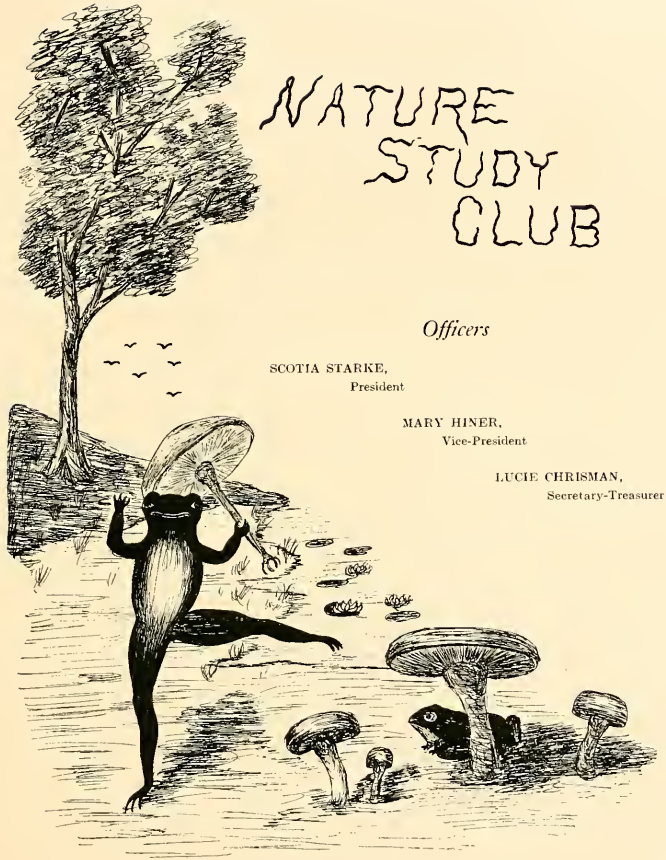
Cora Kay, *Chairman*

Mary Herbert

Members

Senior B Class

Honorary Member, Elmer E. Jones



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ELLA HAHN

Georgie May Miller
Katharine Jennings
Claudia Perkins
Elizabeth King
Eleanor Abbitt
Carrie Martin
Mary Watkins
Lizzie James
Lucy Brooke
Ella Brooke
Ada Miller

Yell:

Hiyi! Kiyi!
Who are we?
Sumus, sumus,
Populi,
S. T. A. R.

G. C. G. C.

Members

Claudia Perkins
Jessie Whitmore
Jacque Etheridge
Julia Massey
Janie Crute
Mary Homes
Hattie Crute

Lucy Brooke
Angelia Tinsley
Mattie Thomas
Hannah Martin
Nan Gilkeson
Steele Buchanan
Katharine Grayson

M. B. K.

Motto: We love, we love, we love "each other."

Song: Away, Away Down South in Dixie.

Flower: White Rose. Colors: Navy Blue and Gold

Occupation: Having all the fun possible.

Members

Margaret Palmer. . . . . My, that's a pity!
Margaret Henderson. . . . . Goodness me!
Agnes Palmer. . . . . Well, I do know!
Gertrude Griffin. . . . . Don't you think that is cute, dear?

The Happy Family

Members

FATHER: SUE HALES MOTHER: "JEN" CRIGLER

NURSE: LOUISE COX

DAUGHTER (Aged 5 years): VIRGINIA BOYD SON (Aged 3 years): EFFIE DUNN

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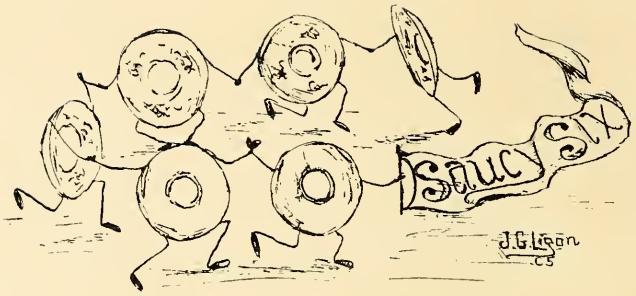
MOTTO: There's no place like home.

NAME	CHARACTERISTIC	PASTIME
DADDY	That walk and that laugh	Writing business (?) letters
MUR	Her Whistle	Singing lullabies
SIS	Fondness for kissing "Daddy"	Eating "tandy"
BUDDY	Squalling for "Mur"	Pulling Dad's Coat-tails
NURSE GINNY	Ferociousness	Spanking the "Kids"



Colors : Sky-blue-pink and green-peagreen

Motto : Get up and git

Yell : Hip-la, He-la rah, rah, rix
Whoop-la, Zoo-la Saucy Six

NAME	KNOWN AS	FAVORITE PASTIME	FAVORITE SAYING	FAVORITE DISH	CHIEF DESIRE
EDITH DICKEY	"Bessie"	Talking German	Wait a minute!	Graham (bread)	To know the King of France
MABLE GROSSCLOSE	"Buful"	Trying her fortune	O, Gee!	Wine (jelly)	To locate the squeal of a pig
SUE HALES	"Rat"	Singing like a blue-jay	Whoop! Susie!	Brown (Betty)	To marry any old body for any old thing
ZOULA LA BOYTEAUX	"Yout"	Spooning with Susie	Hang it all!	S(h)ugar(t) pie	To make a pompadour
LALLA LYLE	"Lal"	Blushing	Great day in the morning!	Pat(ty) cakes	To go to "London"
SUSIE McCLUNG	"Tessie"	Spooning with Zonla	I'm not even thinking about you!	(Boston) Bean	To be a "Stumper"

Jarman Hall Jew's-Harp Orchestra

FLOWER: Wandering Jew.

COLORS: Steel Gray and Leaf Green.

AIM: To be musical.

MOTTO: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast (rats)!"

YELL: "What, ho! double J. H. O.!
Best ever seen,
Gray and green!
Tum, tum, high, low—
Three cheers, J. H., J. H. O.!"

Members

BESSIE CARTER.....Director
OLIVE HINMAN.....Chairman
MARY HERBERT.....Secretary
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OLLIE BEARD.....Critic
FRANCES WOLFE.....Censor
JACQUE ETHERIDGE.....Janitress
JESSIE DEY.....Walking Delegate
BYRD KING.....Assistant Walking Delegate

Kodak Club

Members

Katherine Jennings

Georgie May Miller

Eleanor Abbitt

Ella Brooke

Ada Miller

Lizzie James

Honorary Members

P. P. Nalle

R. S. Dodson

L. J. Roper

F. S. Halsey

York Briddell

E. R. Terrell

Pleasant and Unpleasant Paragraphs

Jokes

Miss R.: "What is a goatee?"
Miss L. M.: "A young goat."

Miss M. (taking advantage of Leap Year):

"Dr. Jones, will you please change my name?" (Exit Dr. J——.)

J. C.: "Jessie, when did you meet Mr. B.?"

J. W.: "Oh, it was in my Freshman year; we were out hunting for specimens to dissect, and I was looking for cats."

Bible class teacher: "Miss M., can you tell me on what tree Abraham was hung?"

S. S.: "Do you like classical music?"
Miss V.: "No, I don't, I like instrumental music.'

Miss A.: "How else may we form the plurals of words?"
Miss S.: "By international changes."

R. C.: "The Merchant of Venice will be at the Opera House to-morrow night."
A. Z.: "What in the world is he going to sell at the Opera House?"

On the board, during a written lesson in psychology: "What is an active imagination?"
Senior A, after careful thought, writes: "An active imagination is one used in friction."

Miss A.: "In what case is that noun?"
First A, with assurance: "Why, it is the autumnal accusative."

Latin accent, up-to-date, by First A.: "If the peanut is long, accent the antepeanut—otherwise, accent the peanut."

Teacher of rhetoric: "What is a pedagogue?"

Miss Brilliant waves her hand wildly, and is called upon: "I know! It is a strange monster, half man and half horse!"

At the supper table Miss Olde tries to introduce a topic of conversation. "Do you like Sally Lunn?"

Miss Neugh looks bewildered, but replies hesitatingly: "I don't know, really; I have met so many girls, that I can't remember her."

Supervisor of Music: "Miss C., you sing all the songs much too low. Haven't I told you how to find the pitch?"

Second grade teacher, hurriedly: "Yes, I know; when can I get that pitch-fork to help me get them higher?"

Miss N.: "Miss Z—— has such Chesterfieldian politeness!"

May M., with great interest: "Why, I know something about that myself; I come from Chesterfield County."

No wonder the Juniors are proud of themselves! Hear the startling discoveries they have made in searching for the center of gravity: "The center of gravity is the point where all the weight of a body seems to be consecrated. It acts vertical, and makes you stand up straight."

The hitherto hard subject of osmosis has been rendered very simple and striking by them: It is merely "a body which can be beaten into sheets."

Miss L., in arithmetic: "What is meant by the stock market?"

"Oh, that is the place where you buy and sell cattle!"

Room-mate: "Jen, what did you get in that express box?"

Jen C.: "American Beauties."

Room-mate: "Oh, pshaw! I thought certainly you had some roses in it."

Annie L.: "Have you had the sore throat yet?"

Susie: "No, I had that last term."

A. M. (excitedly): "There are three girls in the Infirmary! I must go home before I get sick. It would simply kill me if I should die here!"

Miss R. (in geography class): "Miss G——, what have you learned this year?"

Miss Newly-engaged (dreamily): "I've learned that now we live for others, and not just for ourselves."

As Others See Us

That howsoe'er I know thee, some
Could hardly tell what name were thine.
STELLA LAURA VIRGINIA KENT NELSON.

He that tooteth not his own horn,
The same shall not be tooted.—VIRGINIAN STAFF.

The worst fault you have is to be in love.—JESSIE WHITMORE.

I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker love.—LUCY MANSON.

Years have not seen, time shall not see
The hour that tears my heart from thee.
ALBERTA JAMES AND KATHERINE ROBINSON.

And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain.—SUE HALES.

Pa, may I sport a little?—KATE PERRY.

She is a woman strong and true.—MRS. NEWBY.

For who's convinced against her will
Is of the same opinion still.—MARY GLASGOW.

O Beautiful Darling ! ! !—? ? ?

An example of the survival of the fittest.—DR. JONES.

Stern was her look and dignified.—JESSIE DEY.

And I pray you let none of your people disturb me,
I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.
CLAUDIA PERKINS.

Know when to speak, for many times it brings
Danger to give the best advice to kings.
MOLLY BYERLEY.

A friend in need.—Miss Andrews.

She thinks too much—such women are dangerous.
Bessie Wade.

Her wisdom in her goodness found its mate.
Mrs. Morrison.

A merry heart goes all the day.—Mary Herbert.

United we stand.—Chi.

She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle of form and fair of face.—Etta Sampson.

A head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute mischief.
Effie Dunn.

Her heart was in her work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every act.—Carrie Martin.

Gone, but not forgotten.—Julia Palmer.

Courteous maid,
Give us your smile as we pass by.—Lucy Brooke.

No simplest duty is forgot.—Henrietta Dunlap.

In thine eyes dark splendor,
Where the love-light loves to dwell.—Ellen Painter.

"No task was too hard or humble; no day long enough to do all she longed to do; and no sacrifice would have seemed too great for those whom she regarded with steadily increasing love and gratitude."
Miss Haliburton.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."
Mr. Mattoon.

"Through suffering and sorrow thou hast passed
To show us what a woman true may be."
Miss Rice.

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Virginia.

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